THE DOUBLE DEALER

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The
DOUBLE DEALER
".....I can deceive them both by speaking the truth."

THE STORY FAMINE

IN our June issue (1921), exactly one year ago by the calendar, we sent out a plea for the short story in an editorial which *The Writer, A Monthly Magazine for Literary Workers,* seemed to find timely and pertinent enough to reprint in full. Today, despite the fact that we have had in the interval the opportunity of reading for possible publication some thousand or more "stories" by writers scattered throughout the English scribbling world, we are in much the same, if not a more deplorable, predicament than at that hour.

What is the difficulty? Why is the product of the essay, critical article and poem market of such a noticeably higher grade than that of the short story? Well-conceived, well-wrought, well-rounded poems and articles come in to us by almost every mail. A well-conceived, well-wrought, well-rounded short story has yet to arrive. Perhaps this smacks of the fastidious, but if authors only half realized with what eagerness and gusto the poor dub of an editor attacks his morning's batch of manuscripts in search of a printable story, they would know that he is more anxious to buy than they are to sell, arguing, of course, that it is sound craftsmanlike work, done to the need of his medium.

It was originally our policy to print at least one good story, or what we thought to be a good story, in each issue of the magazine. It is my opinion that in all our eighteen issues we have printed but two or three really distinctive tales. Were it only lack of judgment or discrimination, or what not—the personal critical limitations of, say, one man—I would not point the matter. But in every case, where a possibly available story has come in to me or my two confreres, we have not only carefully weighed its merits amongst ourselves but have sent it out to be read by quite competent and unbiased persons. In each case the story up for consideration goes before an intelligent jury of reading men and women, keen on the scent for good stuff in the story line.

It might be advanced that a magazine such as ours cannot pay enough to divert notable fiction in its direction. This I question. Were it not considered rather poor taste to give out editorial secrets, I think I could make a strong case against contemporary American, Canadian and British fictioneers. For in the matter of pay one has but to wallow through the slough of the Hearst and Curtis publications to become aware that big prices won't or can't buy big products, at any rate, not in the literary market.

No, the matter is not, I think, one of pay, but rather one of pastiche and pettifoggery. The literary artist today simply will not sweat, as Goethe had it;

will not take the pains that make for good craftsmanship; will not digest before eliminating; will not bother to perfect his work as Flaubert did, or Stevenson, or Henry James. He or she is too clever, too sophisticated, too well-baked for such sophomoric precision. And the result the reader knows.

This issue goes storyless to press. The material for this issue has been selected over a period of three months, during which time not one printable tale, yarn or anything bearing the earmarks of a good story has been received. It is true several thrillers and sentimentalers in the *Red Book-Good Housekeeping* manner have wandered our way, but an authentic conception?—not one. Here's a challenge and an invitation.

THE PENSION PLAN

THE pension plan for writers who cannot sell their books has its points in an argument, but is sadly unfounded in fact. The government pension scheme, long trumpeted out of Chicago, would be a farce; the private pension plan, even under Mr. Pound's reported "Bel Esprit" arrangement, would be a comedy.

Imagine the selection of literary pensioners if the duty were relegated by Congress to President Harding or the American Academy or The Authors' League of America, or to any arbitral committee chosen by these or similar agents. Or if the choice devolved upon American university presidents or a committee of senators.

And as for a poet or romancer living on a stipend allowed by a brewer or packer, or by a dozen such worthies acting as guarantors, it might be tolerable for the pensioner—if he got them properly signed up and left town—but I defy you to find the brewer and the packer in the first place. The admirers of first editions and fine bindings, like coin and stamp collectors, have a good deal of money, but most lovers of literature are poor. And in the case of those few who are luckily wealthy and might be willing to pension a protegé the scheme still has its drawbacks.

Patronage is not what it used to be. In the great days of the Renaissance patronage was ideal. Then one had a perfect fusion of forces—government recognition, community encouragement, through the medium of a man of taste with his hand in the public treasury. The despots who lavished a comfortable livelihood on the painters, poets and actors who excelled in their professions were indeed individuals, but the money which they blew in so pleasantly was the people's money. The pensioner owed much to the particular princely person who invited him to dinner, but it was after all a community dinner. The peasants paid the bill, as electors now pay for "coast defense in Kansas." It was community patronage administered through the man of taste and culture, the aristocrat, the prince. The pension plan worked very well in those days. The prince and the protege were alike raiding the peasants' treasury. It was a form of joint brigandage. And the work of the artist who sojourned at the court of the principality reflected a certain glory on the community.

But democracy has changed all that. Government patronage is ridiculous in a government made up of men who "rose to power from one suspender" or rascals and opportunists who have

never, in their busy political scramble, had leisure or inclination to acquire taste and culture. The political leader of to-day is scarcely superior in taste and culture to the horseboy of Lorenzo di Medici. The most that creative artists can ask of the heads of government is that they leave art alone. When they touch it, as with their censorships, they blight it. If they attempted to foster it by pensioning alleged artists whom they admire, they would annihilate it.

Democracy also has changed the nature of wealth. The rich of to-day are not rich because they hold, as despots, the money-bags of a community. Some of them may have stolen some of their money from a great number of people, but the fact remains that they are personally and privately rich, with money personally and privately earned or stolen, wealth personally accumulated. Patronage from such a source is, too often, a sour thing. It is awkward for the patron, mostly bitter, except in rare cases if the two are intimate friends, for the protegé. A number of guarantors sharing the expense of a writer's upkeep would perhaps ameliorate the unpleasant nature of the transaction, but would certainly make it more bewildering for the pensioner.

Guarantors for a painter have an excellent gambling chance to get their money back. It is a business investment to back a promising artist in color or clay. Pictures and sculpture sell for a dollar or two. But writers can scarcely hope to fetch fancy prices in auction rooms with a ballad or book. The writer's patron is giving his money away for the glory of God. It may be possible to find a few wealthy persons or persons of limited means who will support a few writers out of honest delight in literature. But the plan on an extensive scale, in this or any democracy, is assured of failure.

The writers of decent poetry or prose are in a hard way, it must be admitted, for the rascals are too unlucky to make a living on cards or the races. But the pension plan will not function. It would be much better if our poets and romancers with genius but little means would go into bootlegging or burglary or marry women of wealth.

CUCKOO

WITH the taking on of Expressionism in Germany and Dadaism in France and Austria, the advent of Cuckoo or Coucou in America need not cause any undue lifting of the editorial eyebrow. To the Coucou boys must be handed a deal of doubtful credit. They are at least a simple, honest, whimsical clan. Naive, natural, unaffected to a fault, they divert themselves and the other planetary inmates at the expense of themselves, their dignities and their positions on this same planet. Where Dada gets off, Coucou gets on.

Professor Sumett Gawn, the Peruvian Paleontologist, founder and "fugleman" of the group (a steady contributor by-the-by to this magazine) has expounded the tenets of Coucouism to a very lucid degree, in a recent feuilleton as yet unpublished, captioned "Why Cuckoo?" I quote in part from Dr. Gawn's prefatory remarks wherein he tells the manner of his notable discovery: "I have been asked repeatedly by a number of

my disciples how I came upon the slogan, Coucou, which to my fancy so aptly fits the tenor of our *mouvement*. It happened that in Peru, while engaged in various paleontological researches, it was my wont to promenade of an evening down a path leading through a grove of Picacouti cypresses. The hour being often late, I carried with me for protection a stout cane. One fine moony night I was interrupted in the rendering of my usual soliloquy to Selene (she was, I remember, quite full that night) by a soft mocking voice calling from the recesses of the trees flanking my left: 'Coo-coo! Coo-coo!' I wheeled about suddenly and stood amazed. 'Coo-coo!' How sweet, how beautiful, how weird, I thought. Coucou! Why, that is exactly what I have been seeking all these years. Coucou, my coucou! Just then an American lad of about eleven summers skipped out from the trees ahead. 'Coo-coo! Coo-coo!' he lisped. It was an amazing moment. I went home rapt, afire with inspiration. Lifting my diary from its altar beneath a likeness of Nietszche in his last hours, I penned feverishly on the page as of April the first, 'Coucou! Eureka! at last! Coucou! my bird! my dove! Coucou!' "

I render this passage verbatim as a sample of Dr. Gawn's literary manner, which to my thinking, is quite inimitable. Such fervor might almost be construed as fanaticism, were it not for corroborating reassurances got from certain rituals performed by his confreres and their prodigious following. The cohorts of Coucouism are numerically tremendous. They bid fair to overrun the entire cerebelluminary world. Moreover, they number amongst their leaders such important literary figures as Mr. Narcisse Smathers, Dr. Brander Matthews, Mr. J. Brewster Van Horn, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Professor Henry Van Dyke, the late H. G. Wells, Baroness Else von Freytag-Loringhoven, the Rev. Harold Bell Wright, Dr. William Carlos Williams, and "our own Waldo Frank." Many other no less conspicuous literati are fast joining the ranks. Indeed, it seems inevitable that the entire band of cerebelluminaries will ultimately come under the influence of Coucou, cock-bird of Selene.

Coucou, it must be remembered, though only recently dubbed and sired, dates down the ages. Both Dean Swift and Dr. Nietszche having come into the fold late in life. Whereas such indubitably sound fellows as Gerard de Nerval and Guy de Maupassant were early victims of its wiles.

But the great danger of Coucouism today seems to be its menacing influence upon the younger generation of artists. There is a lure to the bird that is quite irresistible. A certain piquant oddity, a crude infantile strength, a *rich* quality (adjective used unadvisedly) that is incomparable save in his feathered sister, the Dodo hen. Indeed, Dodo, though long forgotten, squawked not in vain. Inwardly I suspect that Dada's debt to Dodo is not inconsiderable, despite Mr. Tristan Tsara's protestation that Dada is French for hobbyhorse. Horse, bird, man—little matter. The *mouvement* is the trick! And with Coucou here and Dada there and the cohorts of Coucou everywhere we may well be reminded that birds of a feather, though it's true they flock, are not all necessarily caught and caged. Coucou, cock-bird of Selene, what droll victories are yours!

BEGGARS ALL!

TAKEN by and large, we human bipeds are a rummy lot of beggars. And I mean *beggars*, literally and emphatically. If we are not begging for one thing we are begging for another, and always despising our fellow beggar for begging something that we have no especial need or stomach for begging.

"I think I'd die first before I'd beg for money," says Dives, and he begs for his place in the kingdom of heaven. "I think I'd starve first before I'd ever beg for something to eat," says the Baker and he begs for more customers. For some reason or other, begging for food or money has gotten itself beyond the pale of respectability. Perhaps because the general run of human creatures have a particular pride in their ability or even lack of ability to secure sufficient of bread and gold. We feel a shame in begging—getting for nothing—the two things—or really the one thing, since gold and bread have a very close synonymity—which even the lowliest of mankind has been able legitimately to acquire with the brawn of his back and arm and the sweat of his brow. We feel a shame in begging something we ourselves already have.

It's the old old story. "Do otherwise than I and thou art the fool!" We take a moral attitude toward whatever we are able to do, or whatever it pays us to do, and call it good. Whatever pays is morally right. And that's why we are willing to beg for other things.

We beg for social standing we haven't got; we beg for new friends; we beg for recognition, whether we are poet, barkeep, or cotton factor, and are anxious even to advertise our begging; we beg for the good opinion of our friends and our community, and are willing to go to any extreme of dissimulation to secure that good opinion; we beg for the favor of Amaryllis; we beg for the soft cushion of a comfortable immortality.

We beg—but why go on, since we are willing to beg for whatever we want earnestly enough. Begging, after all, is the hand-maiden of self-preservation, and as overworked as shoddy Cinderella herself.

THE FUNCTION OF THE WRECKER

THE day of the big newspaper and magazine is done. It has been a matter of gradual disintegration, a sort of slow suicide, the result perhaps of a too hoggishly intensive commercialization. With the passing of Henry Watterson the daily press lost its last great personal editor. The staider monthly magazines are either dead, in their dotage, or but lately revivified by the transfusion of new blood. But youth, in the manner of youth, has taken hold and some of the old corses, quickened by his red corpuscles, have been lifted to a new life. Two notable examples are *Century* and *The Bookman*. *Century* last month actually printed a sympathetic treatise on Dadaism; poems by Carl Sandburg; and some distinctive black and white work *not* by Mr. Joseph Pennell. And *The Bookman?* This whilom organ of literary respectability has become, under the editorship of Mr. John Farrar, fairly unrecognizable. In the matter of burlesque, raillery and dealings in more or less pungent personal-

isms, it outrivals *Town Topics,* the "funny" sheets, and your local "society" letters.

Youth is having its day and duly celebrating. Good form has gone the way of horsecar and hansom; taste relegated to the stuffy drawing rooms of dilapidated brown stones. Flummery, flippancy, indiscretion prevail. *Cui bono?* query our fathers. To the good of cleaning dirty slates, razing crumbled ruins, junking the "horse-hair," setting fire to grandmother's moth-eaten fineries that menace the family habitat. But you mustn't tear down without building up; you mustn't raze without raising, protest our fathers. Youth, if it troubles, rejoins: the demolisher makes way for the builder. Youth is ever a demolisher. Observe your five-year daughter scalping her Dresden; the boy who bears your name tearing pages from one of your prized first editions. Progress, growth and the resultant product spring from decay. Decay must be drilled out before it can be filled in. The old tooth pulled and replaced. As with the dentist, so with the journalist. In an age of specialists, the man who X-rays will not pull teeth; the man who pulls won't plant.

There must be demolishers whose concern it is only to demolish. When a kindly providence fired the old Equitable building, wreckers were summoned whose business it was to do away with the ruins. Architects, contractors, builders, came later. The new Equitable building housing some fifteen thousand humans, standing as a monument to American asininity, looms in its place. But it wasn't the wrecker's sin. The architects lacked vision; the builders bungled.

Well, I am drifting. Intent was to remind our fathers that decay and destruction obtain in literature and the arts as well as in life and timber. Outworn traditions must go; the fossil buried. To the shambles, the mute; to the ruins, the wrecker. With the death of higher journalism and the decay of the big magazine comes into being the literary demolisher, a protean personality, projecting himself from every corner of the Grub streets of journaldom. A personal, daring, though often mushroomy organ, is his medium. The smaller, the "class" magazines, are here to stay, captained by their divers demolishers, doing always a thankless though Herculean work, that of razing the ruins for the architect, the builder of vision, to be. A musty garret of a world is being cleaned out, its cobwebby cerebellum cleared for thought. Action inevitably will follow. Lend a shoulder to the wrecker.

But what has this to do with *Century* and *The Bookman?* Simply that these old timers, sensing a need for new brooms to sweep off the agglomerated rubbish of post-Victorianism, the solemn Georgians and the solemner isms of yesterday have joined the wrecking crew along with the younger periodicals such as *The Dial* (of today), *Vanity Fair, The Little Review* and *Broom,* not to stress the jejuner journals of the *Gargoyle-Secession* sort and the increasingly numerous verse magazines (God pity them). Somewhere between ruin, wrecker and builder, comes THE DOUBLE DEALER.

Selene

By JOSEPH CAMPBELL

I

" THE MOON ROSE UP "

The moon rose up in a dove-wing sky,
The wafer moon went drifting by.

The dove-wing deepened into blue,
The moon turned silver, the stars looked thro'.

Black tufted fir boughs, blown to flame
By the gusty wind that went and came.

Till the sea, unseen in the gathering night,
Strewed the distance with crests of white.

What tho' the like had fallen before,
I knelt to Beauty, and shut my door.

II

" INTO THE GATHERED CORNFIELDS "

Into the gathered cornfields the moon comes red and round;
The night-bee passes with a low, humming sound.

On the silent shore the ebb-tide drowses;
Dusk like a dream lies over the farm-houses.

The wind barely stirs the dew-heavy fern;
The fox has stolen from the cairn.

Sleep claims the tillage, rock-land and the unknown sky,
Where the gay Northern lights pale now and die—

Pale now and die, as the red moon pales,
Whitening, dwindling the higher it sails.

Henry Blake Fuller

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

IN spite of the depressing consistency of my experience in this regard, my blood thickens and grows calid whenever I stop to remember how many first-rate literary reputations lie buried in America, a country which seems to derive a perverse pleasure in the indulgence of necrophilic literary amours—the longer the bones have bleached the better. With my own hands I have exhumed the skeleton of Edgar Saltus, arranging its fantastic contours in a corner of my museum, with the satisfactory result that the author of "The Anatomy of Negation" has become a pet item with "collectors," and is even read belatedly by a few adventurous spirits. I was present at the excavation of Ambrose Bierce, although I took no hand in it, and I discovered three or four ribs of Herman Melville, which had escaped the attention of earlier investigators. The list of buried reputations is by no means exhausted and I shall get around to digging out a few more as soon as I find the time and the money to buy a new spade.

Even taking into consideration the low average of American taste, it is positively amazing how little the inhabitants of these United States cherish their most interesting literary figures. Really important men are permitted to publish book after book without raising the slightest cloud of dust. Others, like Melville, raise so much dust that they succeed in shutting themselves completely out of the public vision. I have now in mind a man yet living, perhaps not the greatest of living American novelists, but certainly one of the most distinguished and original. There are those who would assert with some reason that he is the most distinguished. He has none of the pessimistic and inverted wit of Edgar Saltus, none of the bitter, acrimonious gall of Ambrose Bierce, none of the poetic glamour and untrammelled imaginative force of Herman Melville. If, indeed, one must perforce compare the work of Henry B. Fuller with that of another American, the only name that comes to mind is that of Henry James.

Since, under the pseudonym of Stanton Page, he published "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" in 1890, the books of Henry B. Fuller have appeared with reasonable regularity every few years. The latest, dated 1919, is the twelfth. As the critics do not bestir themselves, as his books do not sell, I take it for granted that the list of his readers is a very short one. In Chicago, where he has spent most of his life, and whose historian he has been to an extent that can be claimed for no other novelist, he is probably less known and less appreciated than elsewhere. A literary critic on one of the Chicago newspapers asserted, when queried, that he knew Fuller very well; "a charming person, not very talkative," was his phrase. This critic admitted that, although "The Chevalier" had slumbered on his shelves for many years, he had never read it.

He seemed somewhat bewildered when I advised him to repair this omission, as if the idea of *reading* a book by Fuller had never occurred to him. I asked him if it would be possible for me to meet Fuller. I was informed, apologetically, that he seldom went out, that he was a recluse, that he dreaded "encounters." Perhaps, just here, we have found some small clue to our mystery; perhaps, to get on in America, one must trumpet one's own performances. It is significant, at any rate, that Saltus, Bierce and Melville were all hermits in their several ways. It is equally significant that Emerson, Whitman, Hawthorne and Mark Twain were not.

My Chicago experiences were not comforting. I had further evidence of the general disregard in which Fuller is held when I undertook a search for his books in New York. Pursuing such an errand, I have long since discovered that the unlikeliest places are often the likeliest. When I am looking for rare books by a man who is not generally famous, I usually begin with the big commercial bookshops. I made the rounds. The clerk I encountered at Putnam's remembered the name; he had even read "The Chevalier"; but, on investigation, he reported that they had not a single volume by Fuller in stock. The clerk at Scribner's had never even heard of Fuller. Was he an old writer? Nevertheless, he was able to dig up "Lines Long and Short" and "On the Stairs." At Dutton's there seemed to be some slight confusion: "Didn't he write 'A Venetian June'?" Nothing in stock. Gilman, at Brentano's, was, of course, fully aware of Fuller (I wonder if there is anything literary that this young man and his friend, Margolies, are not aware of?), but stated that there was no call for his books. He discovered a copy of "The Cliff-Dwellers" for me, however, a first edition, which had conceivably reposed on these shelves since Brentano's moved uptown from Union Square, and on those earlier shelves since 1893! In the old bookshops, I found conditions even worse. Fuller was not kept with the first editions, where, naturally, he belongs. He was not even kept with the miscellaneous fiction, where odd copies of Ouida, Robert W. Chambers, Arnold Bennett, and H. G. Wells are preserved against a twenty-five or fifty cent demand. He was to be found, if anywhere, on the ten cent tables on the sidewalk, or in stacks of worthless junk in dirty corners.

It requires no great powers of vaticination to prophesy that this neglect is both temporary and artificial. But I think Chicagoans—especially the "collectors" and literary groups—will be astounded to be informed categorically that, soon after his death—if not before—Henry Blake Fuller will join that small band of American authors whose works are represented by a collected edition.

II

Chicago! The name exacts an interruption. The town suffers from what Thomas Beer has so happily dubbed "an easy awe of the foreign name." Second-rate Englishmen, like W. L. George and Hugh Walpole, are received in Chicago like a Caesar returned to Rome from a great victory, or a Geraldine Farrar bidding adieu to her sentimental subjects at the Metropolitan Opera House. Ladies bite and kick each other in the scrimmage to secure such lions for social en-

gagements. Meanwhile a really great Chicagoan is permitted to live in solitary neglect on the South Side of the great city on Lake Michigan. It is very funny and it is very sad.

I am reminded of an incident which occurred in one of the old bookshops during my last visit to Chicago. The proprietor, of whom I was requesting some information regarding books, treated me with a condescension and a dignity befitting in the relations between one of his rank and a mere customer. Remembering what NAMES mean in Chicago, I determined to undermine this apparent poise. Picking up a book, I remarked, quite casually:

"Masefield wrote me about this."

The great man began to quake.

"Do *you* know Masefield?"

"Intimately," I lied.

"Conrad told me to watch out for this fellow. He says he can write," I continued, presently.

The great man shrivelled and shrunk! He knelt before me.

"Do you know Conrad?"

"He spent last summer on my yacht in the North Sea."

"Hardy also..." I began again, after a pause.

The great man prostrated himself flat on his belly in a complete salaam.

"Do you know Hardy?"

"His house is my home in England..."

The bookman, no longer great, was trying to command his voice, which had left him. Beads of perspiration formed on his brow and great wrinkles ridged across the back of his frock-coat. I backed towards the door and as I was gliding, tosca-fashion, through the opening, he managed to stutter:

"I implore you, sir! Will you be so go-go-good as to te-te-tell me who you are?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Certainly. I am Edna St. Vincent Millay!"

III

Henry Blake Fuller was born in Chicago, January 9, 1857. He is, therefore, sixty-five years old. His paternal grandfather, a cousin, it is interesting to note, of Margaret Fuller, moved from Massachusetts to Illinois when the author's father was a boy. The city was still a village, over which hung the shadows cast by a recent Indian raid, and the boy's grandfather was one of Chicago's pioneers, settling there soon after the Incorporation in 1840. Young Fuller graduated from the Chicago High School and spent several years thereafter in business (both his father and his grandfather were prosperous merchants). Then he made several trips abroad, at first, apparently, with the intention of studying music, a project subsequently abandoned, but not before, one of his early biographers* asserts, he had written an opera or two! He is also said to have contemplated the study of architecture. "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" was written in 1886, but publishers did not understand the book and it lay in manuscript for a long time, finally appearing under rather obscure auspices in a modest format, dated Boston, 1890. The dates of his trips abroad have been given as 1879, 1883, 1892, and 1894. He returned to Chicago, where, aside from certain minor and unadvertised excur-

*Mary Huston Banks in The Bookman: August September, 1895; Vol. 2, p. 15.

sions (Hamlin Garland* gives an amusing account of a trip to Washington), he seems to have remained for nearly thirty years.

There are probably intrinsic reasons for this prolonged sojourn in an unsympathetic environment,, and it is certain that, when he dies, Italy will be found written across his heart. "To Fuller," writes Hamlin Garland, "the town (Chicago) was a pestilential slough in which he...was inextricably mired." "I would live in Italy if I could," he once plaintively remarked to Garland, and this sigh pervades his work. In "Lines Long and Short," a collection of biographies in vers libres, obviously composed under the inspiration of "Spoon River Anthology" several of the poems appear to wear an autobiographical tinge. "Postponement," for example, the story of a man who had planned a trip abroad all his life and had just contrived to arrange for the fulfilment of his desire when the war broke out. Or "The Alien," the story of the old European woman, whose children grow rich in America. She lived

> A little in one world,
> A little in another.

And more than all, perhaps, that melancholy poem entitled, "The Day of Danger":

> More dangerous than birth,
> Or croup or scarlatina,
> Or pubescent perturbations,
> Or wild first love,
> Or earliest venturings in the world of men,
> Are the middle years—
> For one who,
> Jog-trotting faithfully through their long reaches,
> Sees pleasures and rewards fall elsewhere,
> And comes to feel
> That soon the ardent pulse of life
> Must fall, turn cold, expire.

*A Daughter of the Middle Border.

It is characteristic of Fuller to insert a somewhat trivial smile in the midst of this *cri de coeur.*

Italy, the Italian scene, is the glad pulse which beats through the earlier books. Such atmospheric and sympathetic suggestions of locality as are offered in "The Chevalier" and "The Last Refuge" are rare in English literature. Later, the theme pulses more bitterly, more trenchantly, as in the story of Eliza Hepburn ("Waldo Trench and Others"), the old American sighing for Italy, or in "New Wine" (in the same volume), in which an Italian nobleman, under the tutelage of American friends, changes his mode of living and even submits his villa to alteration, an event which causes an uprising of the peasantry. This story would certainly have delighted Ouida.

In his early books, it was Mr. Fuller's pleasant formula to introduce a somewhat vulgar, or at least unsophisticated, American (George W. Occident in "The Chevalier," or Aurelia West in "The Chatelaine of la Trinité") as a contrast to the ineffable glowing wonder and glamour of European life. So, in his Chicago novels, he was wont to reverse this process and to expose the crudeness of his native city by comparing it with some figure who had lived abroad. There is an exception to this general procedure in "Abner Joyce's Downfall" ("Under the Skylights"). Abner Joyce, whom Percival Pollard,* probably not unreasonably, has identified with Hamlin Garland, is even cruder than Chicago. Chicago, indeed, almost assumes a cosmopolitan air in this tale, the hero of which has written a book which "comprised a dozen short stories—the

*Their Day in Court; p. 232.

soil itself spoke, the intimate humble ground; warmed by his own passionate sense of right, it steamed incense-like aloft, and cried to the blue skies for justice....Some of his stories seemed written not so much by the hand as by the fist." The story is a study, not unsympathetic, of a self-taught writer caught in an environment in which he does not feel comfortable, and in which he becomes self-conscious and rebellious. Earnestness is the most obvious quality of his life and art. The town must be reformed. Society sickens him; everything sickens him except his own work. He lacks a sense of humor and believes himself to be the only sincere person alive. He thinks about clubs as "places where the profligate children of Privilege drank improper drinks and told improper stories and kept improper hours. Abner, who was perfectly pure in thought and deed, and always in bed betimes, shrank from a club as from a lazaret." Naturally, he refuses wine at dinner and never wears evening clothes.* It is highly characteristic of Fuller's ironic raillery that he brings this tale to a close with a pretty complete compromise on the part of its intransigent protagonist.

"Little O'Grady Versus the Grindstone" is an amusing contribution to the history of the eternal struggle between artists and business men and "Dr. Gowdy and the Squash" is a farcical interpretation of the power of advertising. It might be compared with Melville's "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Adrian Bond, "aesthetec, yet not without praiseworthy leanings toward the naturalistic," surely Fuller himself, strolls through these stories, and the old Athenæum Building on Van Buren Street (called the Rabbit Warren) and the Fine Arts Building supply their principal backgrounds.

It should not be inferred that in his Chicago novels Fuller has offered his readers samples of the city's crudeness in chunks, or that he has used a muckrake to comb it for material for his purposes. No, the picture is fair enough and is painted dispassionately. If the artist has a touch of cynicism, it is a smiling cynicism. Such a figure as Mrs. Granger Bates ("With the Procession"), who cherishes a room done in the old-fashioned manner, in which she seeks relief from the frosty gilt of her salon, give a very human touch to his canvas. This particular novel, obviously written under the influence of Howells, studies the evolution of Chicago from a large town to a great city, in the life of a family, and probably Fuller's own family supplied him with suggestions for the arrangement of its scenes.

In this book and "Under the Skylights" (I consider "The Cliff-Dwellers" less successful than these), Fuller's sense of humor is sufficiently subtle, his irony sufficiently polished, to enable him to make quite a considerable effect with very little effort. Mr. Carl Van Doren has complained that Fuller's work is lacking in emphasis. This might be said of him in precisely the same sense that it might be said of Voltaire. His touch is like the lifting of an eyebrow, the quick flick of an ash from a cigarette, a gentle tapping of a boot on a not too resounding floor. A sensitive

*Hamlin Garland's assumption of the "dress suit" in London is described in "A Daughter of the Middle Border."

reader will perhaps react to these peaceful signals more graciously than to the more emphatic outcries of a Theodore Dreiser. Fuller's humor never exacts a great guffaw, nor his pathos a flood of tears. He is quietly amusing and gently melancholy. So, in his Chicago novels, it is perfectly possible that certain Chicagoans—particularly those at whom he aims his bow—may read on blissfully unconscious that the author is scoffing at them. An unsuspecting reader, indeed, one not intent upon the depths that single words can convey, one innocent of an affection for style, may stop reading altogether with a broad yawn. As a typical example of his method, I might offer his manner of giving the essential quality of Chicago at a fashionable ball by describing one man as wearing a boutonnière in his right lapel, another, one in his left, while a third, wondering which is correct, hardly dares wear one at all! Fuller's Chicago of the nineties has not changed perceptibly. Truesdale Marshall's dilemma might recur today. Readers of "With the Procession" may recall that the heroine of a casual amorous adventure in Europe bobs up in Chicago with her blackmailing father. Society is scandalized. Marshall père can only think of marriage as a solution. Truesdale's brother stormily demands this sacrifice. Truesdale is not impressed by their sophistry.

"My dear brother," he began quietly, while Roger beat his foot upon the floor, stung to increased indignation by the conscious artificiality of such an address—"my dear brother," said Truesdale, "You don't quite get my position in this trifling episode. Every little *conte drolatique* has its Monsieur X, of course—myself, in this instance, and rightfully enough. But is Monsieur X the only gentleman involved? Let us see. Who comes before Monsieur X? Why Monsieur W, to be sure. And who before Monsieur W? Monsieur V, *n'est-ce pas?* And there is somebody still in front of Monsieur V. And if we go far enough back, we may come at last even to Monsieur A. Now, why are all these worthy gentlemen passed over in favor of *ce cher* Monsieur X? Well, perhaps Monsieur W, for example, is a captain of dragoons and already mated. And maybe Monsieur V is a young baron whose family won't stand any nonsense about him—families are different. And as for Monsieur A—well, let us put him down for a poor devil of a student who cuts no figure at all. But Monsieur X—ah, that is different! He is pounced upon in the bosom of his family. It is Monsieur X who has the scrupulous and strait-laced mother—"

"Truesdale!"

"And the little coterie of lily-sisters who never—"

"Truesdale! For shame!"

"And the over-conscientious and supersensitive father with millions and millions stored away in bursting money-bags somewhere or other. Oh, those money-bags, those money-bags, those money-bags!"

"Truesdale, what do you mean? Are they adventurers? Are they after blackmail?"

Truesdale threw back his head, closing his eyes and twirling his thumbs... "*Complimenti*, Roger; you are ending where I should have expected you to begin."

And this is the writer that Mr. Van Doren finds lacking in emphasis!

IV

In his essay on Balzac, in "Impressions and Opinions," George Moore writes, "To the nineteenth century, the abnormal is intolerable, even frank sensuality receives a better welcome. And as education proceeds, natural taste, that is to say, individual taste, withers, and man becomes blinder every day to the charm of the bizarre, and more intolerant to the exotic. But the abnormal is found in all great writers, and though not their flesh, it is their heart. The abnormal must always be felt, although it may rarely form the subject of picture or poem. To make the abnormal ever visible and obtrusively present is to violate the harmony of Nature; to avoid the abnormal is to in-

troduce a fatal accent of insincerity.... Balzac's genius was unquestionably saner than any of his contemporaries, if we except Hugo's, and yet Balzac wrote *'La Fille aux Yeux d'or,' 'La Dernière Incarnation de Vautrin,' 'Une Passion dans le Désert,' 'Séraphita,'* and *'Sarrasine.'* Therefore it may be said that the final achievement of genius is the introduction and artistic use of the abnormal.

"And this for a reason which will not be suspected by the casual student of fiction, and which when first stated will seem like a paradox. But it surely is true, except for those who stand among the highest, that the choice of any but the most ordinary theme will lead into a commonplace. Even in the hands of a man of talent the abnormal slips into sterile eccentricity, which is the dreariest form of commonplace; but let the man of talent choose an ordinary every-day story, and in developing it any originality of mind and vision he may possess will appear to its best advantage."

In "Bertram Cope's Year," Henry Fuller selected a subject which is generally taboo in English literature. Indeed, aside from Henry Jame's "The Turn of the Screw," I cannot think of a single English or American novel of the first class that deals with it, save in a perfunctory or passing way. Fuller's treatment of this theme is so skilful, so refined, so studiedly restrained, that it should be no great cause for wonder, considering the fate allotted to his other works, that this, the latest to issue from his pen, should drop from the presses still-born, to meet with absolute silence on the part of the reviewers, and to find itself quickly on sale at the "remainder" tables of the large department stores. If Theodore Dreiser had written this book, it would certainly have been suppressed. If Ben Hecht had written it, he would probably be languishing in jail. I cannot, indeed, think of another American writer who could have dealt with the subject so thoroughly, from so many angles, and yet have written it so discreetly. The theme is the affection felt by a middle-aged man for a young boy, the boy's instinctive rejection of this attention and his acceptance of a certain more plausible affiliation. Around these struggling puppets is grouped a typical collection of Chicago women, several of them artists, for Fuller, like James, likes to use artists in his tales, and probably for a similar reason. The Chicago background assembles itself rather more concretely than in any other of the Chicago novels. The story, seemingly slow moving, really thrusts forward its emphatic moments on almost every page, but it would probably prove unreadable to one who had no key to its meaning. Once its intention is grasped, however, it becomes one of the most brilliant and glowingly successful of this author's brief series of works.

V

George Santayana, in "Character and Opinion in the United States," writes: "The luckless American who is drawn to poetic subtlety, pious retreats, or gay passions, nevertheless has the categorical excellence of work, growth, enterprise, reform, and prosperity dinned into his ears: every door is open in this direction and shut in the other; so that he either folds up his heart and withers in a corner—in remote places you some-

times find such a solitary gaunt idealist —or else he flies to Oxford or Florence or Montmartre to save his soul—or, perhaps not to save it."

If Henry Fuller had gone to Italy to live, as Henry James went to England, it is distinctly possible that his genius would have flowered more completely. As matters stand, whether through lack of will or opportunity, he has missed this final experience....and his soul, as a consequence, has not been completely saved. He languishes, indeed, in a kind of literary purgatory. How entirely true this is, one may gather by perusing his early books, written under the influence of foreign travel. What he might have been able to accomplish ultimately under happier conditions one might predict with tolerable certainty from the evidence which their pages offer. For it is on these early books, "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," "The Chatelaine of la Trinité," and "The Last Refuge," that his reputation must stand or fall.

These slender volumes boast a double virtue: they offer exceedingly delightful pictures respectively of the Italian cities, the Austrian Tyrol, and Sicily, and they are an ironic contribution to the discussion of national traits, indeed, of modern traits in general and civilization of whatever kind. They are decorative philosophy, the humor of which is so exquisitely tempered that I fear it will pass over many a head. Indeed, it must already have done so; else, how may one account for the comparative lack of fame which has been awarded to these miniature masterpieces? "The Chevalier" is a collection of more or less unrelated tales, bound together by the characters, the Chevalier himself, the Prorege of Arcopia, who has banished himself from his own domain because his subjects have opposed his desire in the matter of columns before his royal palace, George W. Occident, the American millionaire, the Seigneur of Hors-Concours, the Margravine of Schwalbach-Schreckenstein, the Duke of Avon, and the Contessa Nullaniuna. This fantastic caravan, as a whole or in sections, moves statelily over Italy, visiting Florence, Pisa, Orvieto, Siena, Rome, Venice, and other less notable localities, in each of which an amusing adventure occurs, the theme of which permits Fuller that free play of slightly ironic comment on the whole range of human nature, for the graceful accomplishment of which he has such supreme talent.

The general plan of "The Chatelaine of la Trinite" is the same, although its form is perhaps more perfectly realized, bound together, as it is, by a central situation. This theme, pecularly Fullerian, concerns the dauntless efforts of Aurelia West, a young American, to establish the Chatelaine, a perfect example of the aristocrat who has achieved a supreme naturalness in the carelessness of her dress and manner, in a milieu more fitting, according to American ideals, to the habits and customs of nobility. Subservience and class-feeling are demanded of her loyal but familiar subordinates. Liveries and armor are requisitioned and utilized. In the end, of course (like the somewhat similar experience of the Chevalier and the Seigneur of Hors-Concours at Pisa, when, in their efforts to make a young singer's début successful, they overplay their parts to such an extent that they arouse the apathy of the public), this

entirely altruistic enterprise oversteps itself and fails, leaving the intrepid American somewhat nonplussed, but leaving the Chatelaine exactly where she was in the beginning. In the pursuit of my present investigation it has sometimes occurred to me to wonder if it were not possible that I am trying to do for Fuller exactly what Miss West was trying to do for the Chatelaine, and if my efforts might not, conceivably, be crowned with a similar disaster! My courage, however, has returned, when I have considered that, in such a case, Mr. Fuller, like the Chatelaine, will remain exactly where and what he was before I made this modest attempt to give him his castle.

"The Chatelaine" is not even so well-known as "The Chevalier." I do not think it achieved two editions, while "The Chevalier" has gone through at least five. It is, however, quite as charming, quite as distinguished a performance as its predecessor. I have an especial fondness for the superb Tempo-Rubato, acrobat, tarantella dancer, opéra-bouffe singer, and gentleman. For an example of the special quality of this writer, I could offer the reader nothing better than the second chapter of this romance, wherein is described the passage of Aurelia West from Paris on a train with an opéra-bouffe troupe, which she confuses with royalty and its entourage. The chapter is suggestive, perhaps, of both Henry James and Max Beerbohm, but it must be remembered that this book appeared in 1892, and Fuller is assuredly no one but himself.

The third volume in this series (a series only in manner, not in content), "The Last Refuge," seems to have escaped the attention even of those few who profess an interest in Fuller. It is possible that the future will do more justice to this little capolavoro. The fable concerns itself with the pursuit of desire. The Freiherr desires to recapture his youth; the Lady of Quality desires to lose her sense of time; the Painter desires the attainment of subjectivity, while his companion, the Poet, seeks to attain objectivity; Monna Chlotilde, the tragic actress, Mam'zelle Hedwig, the Just Man and others seek outlets for their various submerged passions. All these pilgrims meet on the road on their journey towards the city of Happiness, which, characteristically and symbolically enough, Fuller locates in Sicily (Would he could join them!), and they become involved in an amazingly fantastic intrigue, interspersed with discussions on every subject that the author deems worthy of discussion. This is a philosophical romance in the manner of "Candide." I can say no better of it than that it is quite as good as its illustrious forerunner.

VI

In one of his papers, Mr. Fuller sums up a contemporary writer's ideal of the novel: "Construction, in a novel, is not the art of exciting by means of the connection of incident with incident: it is the art of leaving out, without incoherence, all that does not interest the writer and of putting in all that does." Mr. Fuller weighs this ideal and finds it wanting: " 'Real Art' does not consist in finding a story in which you can tell what interests you and that only. Such a step indeed makes an advantageous preliminary, and may free one in advance from some of the botherations

lying in wait—reluctant love-passages, repellent sex-discussions, scenes of violence and bloodshed with which one may have no proper affinity, indelicate 'close-ups' which explore and exploit poor humanity beyond the just bounds of decorum, and such like. 'Real art' is, and will remain, largely a matter of form, of organism, of definition, of boundaries. The artist will express his 'interest'—heaven forbid that he should not; but it must be an interest disciplined by, and within, metes and bounds, an interest which shall result in a unified impression that depends much upon the time-element and in the simple counting of words. Words sometimes darken counsel; and too many of them may becloud and even wreck artistic intention."

This passage occurs in a paper entitled, "A Plea for Shorter Novels,"* of which more be quoted to advantage: "Surely a man should know what he is after, and go after it—straight. . . . The novel of today should be required to bant. I believe that a novelist can say his say in 60,000 words, or even 50,000. Much of the accepted apparatus must, of course, be thrown into the discard. I would be indulgent to the preliminary exposition, but not far beyond it. One should rule out long descriptions of persons —such things are nugatory and vain: with your best effort the reader sees only what he has seen, and figures your personage on the basis of his own experience and recollection. One must abolish set descriptions of places, unless unique, remote, unfamiliar, for the world in these days of easy travel and abundant depiction, has come to know itself pretty well. One will banish all 'conversation,' whatever its vraisemblance to life, if it merely fills the page, without illuminating it. I would sweep away all laborious stuff that is dragged in because some one will think it ought to be there—*clìchés,* conventional scenes and situations. To prevent sprawl and formlessness I favor a division into 'books' and a division of the books into sections. Thus articulation and proportion will be secured, as in the case of an architectural order; and one will be better able to down the rising head of verbosity."

If I have yielded to the temptation to quote this much, it is for the excellent reason that Fuller alone, of all novelists I know with the exception of Henry James, has been able to maintain a consistent affiliation between precept and practice. His novels are short and they are short for the reasons noted. He knows what he is after and he goes after it straight. His contribution to American fiction is a certain calm, a repose of manner, which Mr. Van Doren, among others, has mistaken for a lack of emphasis, a decorative irony which is exquisite in its not too completely hidden implications, a humor which is masterly in its subtlety, a study of human nature at home and abroad which is as searching as it is careful, and above all a delicate and fragrant charm. His novels of Chicago fulfil all the requirements of social and historical documents, setting aside for the moment their unquestioned artistry; his novels and tales of Italy may be said to represent a study of modern mind and soul, exposed to a peculiarly refined mode of treatment. The author's occasional use of an anæsthetic does not disturb the authenticity of his work.

*The Dial, August 30, 1917.

His writing is by no means free from faults. Sometimes, as in "On the Stairs" or in "The Puppet Booth," his material runs very thin; sometimes he is precious; sometimes, although seldom, he is philistine and provincial. On this latter score I might note a sentence or two in "Bertram Cope's Year" which a more perfect artist would have deleted. His sweep is never grand. His genre is miniature. In the words of one of his characters, it may be said appropriately of him that he combines "the fortunate moment and the felicitous hand."

Fruits of Circumstance

By CHANG CHIU-LING

Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-Hu

I

Tender orchid-leaves in spring
And cinnamon-blossoms bright in autumn
Are as self-contained as the spirit of life
Which accords them to the seasons...
A forest-hermit, though nobody know him,
Allured by sweet winds and contented with beauty,
Is as true to nature as a plant
Which never invites you to gather it up.

II

South of the River red oranges grow,
Whose leaves are green all winter long
Not because of a warmer soil
But because their nature bears the cold.
They are suitable for honored guests
But, alas, are far over mountain and stream;
And circumstance governs destiny,
And cause and effect are an infinite cycle.
You speak of planting peaches and plums.
Would this other tree afford no shade?

The Man Who Made People Laugh

By MARY AUSTIN

ONCE there was a Micmac of the Algonquins who heard that Gloscap, the Magic Maker, had promised to grant the wish of any man who could find him. So this man searched seven years and had many adventures before he discovered the Magic Maker in the midst of a fine rain between the Islands. Then he wished a good wish for all the people. Said he, "The people are often sad, and can not work well for heaviness of spirit. I wish to have a magic noise which will make the people laugh whenever they hear it."

Gloscap looked him between the eyes and saw that his wish was earnest. He took a bag and blew a wish into it, and drawing the bag close, he gave it to the Micmac, telling him not to open it until he came among the people. So the Magic Maker dismissed him. But the Micmac was so full of the thought of what he would do for all the people that he could not wait. On the way back through the forest, he opened the bag at the first place he stopped to rest, having his mouth open with curiosity while he did so. This is the origin of that saying that the people on hearing a new thing for the first time should not hear it with their mouths open, for the magic noise, coming out of the bag, entered into the Micmac.

Thus he became the bag himself, and every time he opened his mouth he was obliged to make the noise whether he wished it or not. Every time he did so the people nearly split themselves with laughter. When he had a serious matter to bring to Council the elders could not hear him for laughter. When it was a soft thing to whisper to a maiden, he could see her shoulders shaking. When he unpacked his heart to his friend of his private grief, his friend shouted so that the rest of the camp came running. The young men drove him away from the hunt because the magic noise that came out of him frightened the game away, and no man wished to be praised by him lest he should at the same time find himself laughed at.

Seeing he would never be taken seriously again, the Micmac spent another seven years searching for the Magic Maker to ask him to take his wish back again. Gloscap was very polite to him. "If you could bring it back to me in the same bag that you took it away in," he suggested. But this the Micmac could not do, for it is the way of a wish entertained for seven years that it becomes very much at home in a man. So it happens that from that day the Micmacs have a saying that He who carries a wish should not himself become the bag for it. This they say when they hear a man making large wishes for all the people. For they say also that the Micmac Who Made the People Laugh is not the only one who opened the bag too soon.

Affairs of Catherine

No. 4. A TENOR

(A Play in One Act)

By LOUIS GILMORE

CHARACTERS:
COUNTESS BRUCE
RIMSKY KORSAKOF
THE EMPRESS CATHERINE
PRINCE PATIOMKIN

The boudoir of the Countess Bruce in the Winter Palace. The door on the right leads to the bedroom; the door on the left to a corridor. In the center, at back, is the door to a clothes closet. To the left, a log fire burns on the open hearth; near it is a chaise longue, with a table back of it. On the table, a few books and a lighted candelabra.

The period is 1780.

At the rise of the curtain, Countess Bruce, a pretty woman in her early thirties, reclines on the chaise longue. She has on a dressing gown over a lace underdress trimmed with ribbons. She glances at the clock on the mantle, sighs, attempts to read.

(*A tap on the door. A second tap. A third.*)

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*At the first tap, she is radiant. At the second, she has blown out all but one of the candles and reached the door. Softly.*) Is it you?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Without.*) Yes.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Thank God!

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Entering and throwing his cape over the back of a chair. He is young, handsome, foppish in his dress and fond of diamonds.*) Have you been waiting?

COUNTESS BRUCE

An eternity. In fact, ever since her Majesty went to bed.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Going to the fire.*) Well, here I am at last! (*Stands, with his back to the fire.*) You know, I said I would.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Approaching.*) Yes, but how was I to know? Do I ever know until I actually see you? Did she send for you?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Yes.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*With a gesture of repulsion.*) Ah...

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

I sat by her bed for a half hour and held her hand—nothing else.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Looks at him.*) Can she be growing tired...?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Of me? Quite the contrary.

COUNTESS BRUCE

How did you ever manage to beg off?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Pretended I had a violent headache.

COUNTESS BRUCE

And did Catherine believe you?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Nods.*) She wanted to rub my head. Finally, I persuaded her that the only cure for it was a sleeping powder.

COUNTESS BRUCE

A sleeping powder! (*Laughs.*) I hope you were very affectionate.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Trust me. But I didn't overact. Be-

lieve me, she hasn't the faintest suspicion...

COUNTESS BRUCE

That you haven't a headache?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Of anything.

COUNTESS BRUCE

If she should!... (*With a change of tone.*) But you haven't kissed me!

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Taking her by the hands.*) What a becoming dressing gown!

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Coquettishly.*) Do you like it?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

I like everything about you. (*He takes her in his arms.*)

COUNTESS BRUCE

Darling. (*They kiss.*) How wonderful to have your arms about me again.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Yes, isn't it. (*They kiss again.*)

COUNTESS BRUCE

Do you love me very much?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Madly.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Shall we go in the other room?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Unless you would rather sit by the fire a while. Shall we?

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Coldly.*) Just as you like. (*They sit together on the chaise longue.*)

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

I have to be very careful not to catch cold. You know, I am singing tomorrow night...

COUNTESS BRUCE

Yes, of course.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Continuing.*) Before the entire Court. The new accompanist her Majesty sent for arrives from Italy in the morning. Naturally, I am anxious to give a creditable performance.

COUNTESS BRUCE

You're sure to.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Naively.*) Do you think so? Of course, if I'm in voice.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Impatiently.*) You always are.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

No. Not always. Of course, when I haven't a cold.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Abruptly.*) Cold or no cold.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Surprised.*) What?

COUNTESS BRUCE

You may have a cold in the head and sing every note off key—it would still be a creditable performance—no one would notice the difference—as long as you are her Imperial Majesty's Aide de Camp!

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*With professional pride.*) Yes, but I myself!... (*Breaks off. Then smiles.*) Do you know, I believe you are jealous!

COUNTESS BRUCE

Jealous! Of course I am. I want you all to myself.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

But I don't mean jealous only of her. Jealous of my art.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Of that, too. You think more of your voice than you do of me.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

I thought you were fond of music.

COUNTESS BRUCE

I am. But I prefer musicians.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

All of us?

COUNTESS BRUCE

Especially tenors.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

There are tenors and tenors.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Ah, but there is only one Rimsky Korsakof!

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(Lifts her hand to his lips.) You are adorable!

COUNTESS BRUCE

You do love me, don't you?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

My dear, if I didn't love you would I risk everything as I do?

COUNTESS BRUCE

And I—do I risk nothing? After all, you are a man. Catherine might forgive you. But me—her Maid of Honor, her most intimate friend!... Ah, if only she would grow tired of you as she has of so many others. Zavadofsky, for instance; or Zovitch. I was fond of him yesterday; today, I am not—if only she would say that of you!

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

It doesn't seem likely. Instead, she grows fonder and fonder.

COUNTESS BRUCE

And yet, you have been Aide de Camp nearly two years!

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Yes. I don't know what there is about me. It isn't my voice. Her Majesty has absolutely no ear.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Ah, but she has an eye.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Petulantly.*) Please don't tell me I'm beautiful. I'm sick of hearing it. That's what she always says.

COUNTESS BRUCE

She doesn't love you as much as I do.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

More.

COUNTESS BRUCE

How?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Don't ask me. Do you know, when I'm alone with her—I shut my eyes and wish it were you.

COUNTESS BRUCE

You poor darling.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

It's getting on my nerves.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Isn't there anything you can do?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Quarrel with her?

COUNTESS BRUCE

Too dangerous.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Disfigure myself? Mutilate—

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Quickly.*) No, not that.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

I can't think of any other way.

COUNTESS BRUCE

I have it. Try to appear stupid. Bore her.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Do you think I could?

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Laughs.*) I'm sure of it. Talk about your art!

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Irritated.*) Now you're being nasty again.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Am I? I'm sorry. Forgive me.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Let's talk of something else.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Talk! Haven't we talked enough already?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Yes.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Languidly.*) Just as you like. Shall we go in the other room?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Significantly.*) Unless you would rather...here...by the fire.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Enchanted.*) By fire light? It will be a new experience!

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Rising.*) I'll put another log on the fire.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Archly.*) Still afraid of catching cold?

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Not with you in my arms.....

(*A knock on the door to the corridor.*)

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*In a whisper.*) Who can it be?

COUNTESS BRUCE

I can't imagine.

(*They wait tensely. A second knock, louder than the first.*)

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Do you think Count Bruce?...

COUNTESS BRUCE

No. He left for Moscow this morning.

(*The knocking is repeated.*)

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Rising.*) Quick. Hide. I must see who it is.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Going toward the bedroom.*) In here?

COUNTESS BRUCE

No. Not there. (*Pointing.*) The clothes closet.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Don't be long. (*He throws her a kiss as he goes in, closing the door behind him.*)

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Lights several candles; then goes to the door. Before opening*) Who is it?

CATHERINE

(*Without.*) It is I, Catherine.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Is faint a moment, then summoning all her courage, she resolutely unlocks and opens the door.*) What is it, your Majesty?

CATHERINE

(*Comes in, wearing an ermine cloak which reaches to the floor. She is fifty-one. An imposing figure.*) My dear, did I get you out of bed? Were you asleep?

COUNTESS BRUCE

Yes. That is—no, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

You were not asleep?

COUNTESS BRUCE

I was sitting here by the fire—reading. I must have fallen asleep...

CATHERINE

Voltaire? Diderot?

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Blankly.*) What, your Majesty?

CATHERINE

You said you were reading.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Oh, the book! The first thing that came to hand. (*Picks a book from the table and glances at the cover.*) Brantome: Vie des Dames Galantes.

CATHERINE

A very amusing book. But, perhaps, you are suffering from the same complaint as my Aide de Camp?

COUNTESS BRUCE

I don't understand...

CATHERINE

A headache.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Yes. I have a slight headache.

CATHERINE

You should take a sleeping powder for it. General Korsakof assures me that when nothing else will cure a headache, a sleeping powder...

COUNTESS BRUCE

I can not regret not having taken one tonight, since it would have deprived me of the very great honor—the very great pleasure... (*Indicating the chaise longue with a bow.*) If your Majesty will be so good...

CATHERINE

(*Politely.*) But, my dear Bruce, I shan't stay, if you have a headache...

COUNTESS BRUCE

It is nothing, your Majesty. A few moments of your Majesty's conversation and it will be entirely gone.

CATHERINE

My dear, you are charming. (*Sits.*) I think it only fair to tell you that General Korsakof was of the contrary opinion. He insisted that my conversation aggravated his.

COUNTESS BRUCE

His headache?

CATHERINE

His headache.

COUNTESS BRUCE

If your Majesty will permit me to say so—except in music, the General's taste is not always...

CATHERINE

Everything that one could wish? True. We have observed it ourself, especially of late.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Of late, your Majesty?

CATHERINE

Yes. (*A pause.*) Sit beside me. I must talk to you of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Sits.*) Pyrrhus, King of Epirus?

CATHERINE

I have been reading Plutarch, and I find that Pyrrhus, King of Epirus and General Korsakof are one and the same.

COUNTESS BRUCE

How extraordinary! And who was Pyrrhus, King of Epirus? I have not read Plutarch.

CATHERINE.

Ach, but you have seen General Korsakof! It is precisely that that I must talk to you about.

COUNTESS BRUCE

That!

CATHERINE.

A peril to painters, a despair to sculptors!

COUNTESS BRUCE

Madam, he is indeed a picture.

CATHERINE.

(*Drily.*) When he becomes a picture indeed, I shall hang him.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Laughs.*) Or a statue, and your Majesty will remove the pedestal.

CATHERINE.

(*Looks at her.*) Does he appear to you changed?

COUNTESS BRUCE

Changed?

CATHERINE.

In his behaviour toward me.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Your Majesty, I have had so little opportunity of observing....

CATHERINE.

True.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Your Majesty has noticed?

CATHERINE.

He is playing a part.. He no longer

loves me—cares for me as he did. I feel it.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Your Majesty may be mistaken.

CATHERINE.

I am seldom mistaken.

COUNTESS BRUCE

The honeymoon does not last forever, your Majesty. The ardor of first love cools into a love....

CATHERINE

(*Interrupting.*) No. It is not that. Someone has come between us.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Someone?

CATHERINE.

Yes, he has a mistress!

COUNTESS BRUCE

But such a thing is incredible—impossible!

CATHERINE.

Difficult, I admit.

COUNTESS BRUCE

A mere nobody! The work of your Majesty's hands!

CATHERINE.

He had only three shirts when he came to me... He complains of headaches.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Perhaps, overeating...

CATHERINE.

It wouldn't be good for his voice. Besides, the headaches are only an excuse.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Does your Majesty suspect...?

CATHERINE

Whoever the hussy is, depend upon it she is of the Court!... My dear Bruce, you have not seen even so much as an exchange of glances?...

COUNTESS BRUCE

Nothing, Madam. Absolutely nothing. If I had, I should have considered it my duty...

CATHERIN

No doubt. But I can understand your hesitating—waiting...

COUNTESS BRUCE

I should not have hesitated a moment; I should not have waited.

CATHERINE

I appreciate your zeal. But, Bruce—to plunge a dagger into my heart?

COUNTESS BRUCE

The man is unworthy of your Majesty.

CATHERINE

True.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Your Majesty still cares—is still infatuated?

CATHERINE

Infatuated? Infatuated? Do you not know that this term is out of place in speaking of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus? It is the admiration, Bruce, it is the enthusiasm, that the masterpieces of nature inspire!

COUNTESS BRUCE

And yet your Majesty suspects...

CATHERINE

It may be only my imagination, after all!

COUNTESS BRUCE

I am sure of it.

CATHERINE

I am perhaps doing the General a great injustice. My dear, forget everything that I have said to you... How is your headache?

COUNTESS BRUCE

My headache? I have forgotten I had one.

CATHERINE

You look tired. Nor do I approve of your reading the Vie des Dames Galantes at such an hour. It might put notions in your head. (*Rises.*)

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Rising.*) I will accompany your Majesty. (*Lifts candelabra from table and walks with it, lighting the way.*)

CATHERINE

(*Indicating the cape on the chair.*) What's this?

COUNTESS BRUCE

What? (*Realizing what it is.*)

CATHERINE

Bring the light nearer. (*The Countess obeys. Catherine picks the cape from the chair and holds it up.*) How does this happen to be here.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Count Bruce...

CATHERINE

(*Looks at her.*) But I thought...

COUNTESS BRUCE

Or, perhaps, my brother...

CATHERINE

Marshal Rumianzof in a cape like this!

COUNTESS BRUCE

Then, of course, it's the Count's.

CATHERINE

Unless, my dear, someone else...eh?

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Protesting.*) Your Majesty...

CATHERINE

The candelabra is too heavy for you. Put it on the table. (*The Countess obeys.*) My dear, you might just as well take me into your confidence. I am discretion itself.

COUNTESS BRUCE

But, Madam...

CATHERINE

Besides, I have had a suspicion from the first...

COUNTESS BRUCE

Does your Majesty suppose?...

CATHERINE

That the cape is the property of a gentleman who is neither your husband nor your brother?—precisely. If the fellow is still on the premises, present him.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Your Majesty imagines that a gentleman...?

CATHERINE

I presume it is neither a valet nor a groom! Present the fellow.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Madam, the gentleman is no longer here. He is gone.

CATHERINE

Ach, I thought so.

COUNTESS BRUCE

He left a few moments before your Majesty came in.

CATHERINE

(*Sharply.*) I don't believe it. Where have you hidden him? Behind a screen? Under a bed?

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Forcing a smile.*) If your Majesty insists...

CATHERINE

He is here?

COUNTESS BRUCE

No. But if your Majesty wishes to look behind the screen, and under the bed...

CATHERINE

Is he a blackamoor that you are so reluctant to show him? (*Walks about.*) Is this the door to the bedroom?

COUNTESS BRUCE

Madam, it is.

CATHERINE

(*Indicating the door to the clothes closet.*) And that?

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Without a tremor.*) A clothes closet. Will your Majesty inspect it?

CATHERINE

My dear, I shall most assuredly in-

spect everything, unless you save me the trouble.

COUNTESS BRUCE

But, Madam, if the gentleman is no longer here!

CATHERINE

(*Drily.*) If the gentleman is no longer here—I am greatly mistaken.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Holding open the door to the bedroom.*) Will your Majesty lead the way?

CATHERINE

Ach, of course, it would be the bedroom. (*Starts toward the door; changes her mind, re-enters.*) I shall begin in here.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*With effort.*) In here, your Majesty?

CATHERINE

In here.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Of course, if your Majesty believes...

CATHERINE

(*Walks about. Stops before the door to the clothes closet.*) This is the clothes closet, isn't it?

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Defeated.*) Yes.

CATHERINE

(*Places her hand on the doorknob.*)

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Desperately.*) Don't, your Majesty ...I implore. Your Majesty will regret.

CATHERINE

Really? You excite my curiosity. What difference does it make, since there is no one here?

COUNTESS BRUCE

I implore your Majesty... If your Majesty will go in the other room...

CATHERINE

You will produce him yourself?

COUNTESS BRUCE

Yes, I will. I will. (*Catherine releases the doorknob.*) If your Majesty will wait...

CATHERINE

Wait! Why should I?

COUNTESS BRUCE

Madam, if you will wait in the other room, I will knock on the door—when —when the fellow has put on his clothes.

CATHERINE

(*Laughs.*) Do you mean to say?...

COUNTESS BRUCE

Yes.

CATHERINE

(*Energetically.*) Wait yourself in the other room. I cannot have my Maid of Honor...

(*A loud knock on the door to the corridor.*)

CATHERINE

(*Stops short.*) See who it is.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Opens the door, steps back.*) Prince Patiomkin!

PATIOMKIN

(*Entering, with an extravagant bow.*) Countess, I kiss your hand. (*Sees Catherine.*) Imperial Majesty! (*Goes toward her, drops on one knee and kisses her hand.*)

CATHERINE

Well?

PATIOMKIN

Permit me to offer the Little Mother a pinch of snuff?

CATHERINE

(*Accepting a pinch.*) Thanks. (*Sits on chaise longue.*)

PATIOMKIN

Countess? (*Takes a step toward her with extended snuff-box.*)

COUNTESS BRUCE

No.

CATHERINE

(*To Patiomkin.*) Well?

PATIOMKIN

I have performed my mission.

CATHERINE

With what result?

PATIOMKIN

Though I have looked for General Korsakof in each of his rooms—not omitting the toilet—I have not found him. I am forced to the conclusion that General Korsakof is not at home.

CATHERINE

He was not in his bed?

PATIOMKIN

No, your Majesty. Nor did I think it necessary to look under the quilts, the bed was so smooth.

CATHERINE

If I am not greatly mistaken, General Korsakof had intended to spend the night here.

PATIOMKIN

(*With astonishment.*) Here?

CATHERINE

In the soft society of no less a personage than our Maid of Honor Bruce.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*Kneeling.*) Madam, forgive us. We were mad. We love each other. (*Rimsky Korsakof comes out of the clothes closet. He is very pale.*)

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Forgive me, forgive me, your Majesty. I will explain. (*He kneels at her feet.*)

CATHERINE

(*Weakly.*) I have given you more diamonds than Patiomkin...

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Believe me, your Majesty, I am not ungrateful. Though appearances are against me, I can explain... It is your Majesty I love...

CATHERINE

Ach...

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Shall I be punished all my life for a moment of infatuation...

CATHERINE

(*Imperiously.*) Enough. My sacred predecessor, the Empress Elizabeth, when she discovered her Master of Hounds in the arms of the Countess Lapouhkin, had him, before the entire court, strip the woman and give her a hundred strokes of the knout.

COUNTESS BRUCE

Mercy, your Majesty. Mercy. Sooner than suffer such an indignity, I will kill myself...

CATHERINE

(*Energetically.*) Indeed! We shall see! Patiomkin—summon the Guard —rouse the household.

PATIOMKIN

(*Starts, then stops.*) Your Majesty will regret...

CATHERINE

(*In a fury.*) Do as I tell you. (*He goes to the door.*) No. Stop. (*Struggles for control. Then, resolutely.*) You are right. Europe would say that I am a barbarian. I—I am a liberal Empress. (*To the two at her feet.*) Go. I grant you your lives, on condition that I never see you again. Go.

COUNTESS BRUCE

(*With a ray of hope.*) Together, your Majesty, may we?

CATHERINE

Yes. He will deceive you, as he has me. (*The Countess goes to her bedroom.*)

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

(*Imploringly.*) Do not send me away, your Majesty. There is no greater pun-

ishment than to be deprived of the sight of your Majesty. Forgive...forgive...

CATHERINE

(*Sternly.*) Go, your things will be sent after you.

RIMSKY KORSAKOF

Your Majesty will not forget the harpsichord?

CATHERINE

It shall be sent with the rest. And now, go. Quickly, before I change my mind. (*Rimsky Korsakof goes out by the door to the corridor.*)

CATHERINE

Thank God I am rid of him! (*She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

PATIOMKIN

(*Rushes to her, falls on his knees, and kisses her hand.*) Your Majesty is the most wonderful woman in the world.

CATHERINE

My heart is broken.

PATIOMKIN

It will soon mend.

CATHERINE

(*Lifting her head.*) To think that I, the most aristocratic Empress in Europe, should be betrayed like the veriest chambermaid.

PATIOMKIN

We are all of us human; except that your Majesty is at times divine.

CATHERINE

(*Affectionately.*) Dear friend...

PATIOMKIN

(*Sardonically.*) There will be no concert tomorrow evening, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

(*Smiling in spite of herself.*) No. My taste for music has departed with my tenor.

PATIOMKIN

The Little Mother is well rid of her tenor.

CATHERINE

True. And yet, do you know, I could think of nothing when he knelt there before me, but that I wanted to run my fingers again through that crisp gold hair.

CURTAIN

Crescent Moon

By VINCENT STARRETT

The sight, I think, is more than odd...
Outside the roadhouse kept by God,
The lounging stars, with youthful din,
Shout down the banqueting within,
And with their socialistic roar
Persuade the Landlord to the door.

The stars with mocking laughter fly
Across the prairies of the sky,
While after the vexatious gang
God hurls a silver boomerang...
I hope it will not turn and strike
A kind old Gentleman I like.

A New Testament: The Builder

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I AM building me a house slowly—a house in which I may live. Day by day the bricks are piled in long rows making walls. Doors are hung and shingles are being cut for the roof. The air is heavy with the perfume of logs, new cut.

In the morning you may see my house—building—in your street, on the corner there by the church—in the valley beyond your house where the road dips down and crosses a bridge. It is morning and the house is almost complete. Take this key. Go in. It is evening and my house is in ruins. Weeds and vines have grown on the broken walls. The rafters of the house I aspired to build are buried in long grass. They have decayed. Worms live in them. You will find the ruins of my house in a street of your town, on a country road, in a long street black with smoke clouds in a city.

This is a day, a week, a month, a year. My house is not built. Would you come into my house? Take this key. Come in.

My house is in the perfume of the wild rose that grows by a roadside, it sleeps in the eyes of a nigger who works on the docks at New Orleans, it is built on the foundation of a thought I have not dared to express. I am not subtle enough to build my house. The foundation walls of my house stand on the shivering legs of a little lost dog standing at the closed door of your house on a cold morning in November. The doors of my house creak like the voice of a guinea hen. At night the creaking of the doors of my house is like the voice of a child given over to sadness.

I am building me a house slowly. Take this key. Go in.

At noon and in a glare of light, God brought me death to hang over the door of my house. Take this key. Go in.

God brought me death in a golden casket. God gave me a golden key for the door of my house. God put the key in the sun-washed fork of a tree.

I am building me a house slowly. It has many rooms. There is a house building itself for me slowly. Brick by brick the walls go up. Stone by stone the walls go up.

Take the key of my house. Go in. Walk slowly through my house. Go into the rooms. Go into the great room. The sills at the doors have been washed. Go in.

Go into your own room. Go into the room where the child died. Go where the beautiful woman undressed. Go where the old man remembered his youth.

Here is the key to my house. Take it in your hand. Be not afraid. Go in.

A Masque of Shadows

By ARTHUR SYMONS

Poor helpless Shadow of Deceit,
The shadow of no magic flower,
I find you, Helen, in the street
This unanointed sacred hour;
Here where the dust of trodden feet
Desecrates the street.

This very hour that consecrates
All that the night could never keep
Menaces what our changeless Fates
Leave to us in our dreamless sleep:
Knave Menelaus desecrates
The folly of our Fates.

Only, before the night grows thin
About us in our city street,
What is the sin that we must sin,
Helen, when dawn and darkness meet?
Fine webs of passion our souls spin
Out of their own deceit.

O lie with me on the naked grass
In uttermost abandonment,
Drink in the naked winds that pass,
Drink deep of the passion of their scent,
The scent of the Sea that sighs alas!
My Helen's scent!

You came to me from the seventh gate
Of that fire-doomed and deathless Troy,
O passion-pale and passionate,
O flesh most fair, mad to destroy
That flesh that you are mad to hate,
Mad to destroy.

Over bright Paris lies the dust
And we are here and we must love
Until our Love transfigures Lust,
Then taste the poisoned scent thereof,
As on the gallows a man upthrust
Feeds on his Lust.

Lafcadio Hearn in New Orleans

II. ON THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT

By JOHN S. KENDALL

LAFCADIO HEARN'S life in New Orleans may be divided into two epochs, both interesting, but in widely different ways. The first covers the period of stress when he was working for the *Item;* the second is the time of relative prosperity and spiritual repose represented by his connection with the *Times-Democrat.* The salary which he received from the latter periodical was adequate for all his simple needs; in the *Times-Democrat* office he had,—what was to the artist more essential than material certainties —congenial companionship and intellectual stimulus. Great merit has been attributed to the *Times-Democrat* and to the Bakers, Page and Marion, for having been prompt to recognize Hearn's genius. But this is to ignore his work on the *Item.* Hearn's reputation was securely established in New Orleans months before the *Times-Democrat* seems to have become aware of his existence. It was not until December, 1881, that Hearn was offered a post on that paper, at a salary somewhat larger than he was getting from the *Item.* There were no disagreeable features connected with his withdrawal from the *Item;* merely a recognition that the resources of the paper did not permit it to meet the *Times-Democrat's* offer, and Hearn seems to have carried with him to his new employment the best wishes of his former comrades.

The connection with the *Times-Democrat* lasted five and a half years. I need not describe the more obvious features of his life work during this long time; that has been done fully and sympathetically by Mrs. Wetmore, in the two volumes of "Letters," which she published a few years ago, a work alike honorable to her own and to Hearn's genius.

The Bakers appear to have sincerely believed that Hearn's forte was translation, and they set him to grind that sort of a grist in the mill of journalism. He furnished at least one considerable translation each week. These for the most part were published under the heading "The Foreign Press." Over three hundred such contributions were verified four or five years ago by Dr. Hutson in the examination which he made of the files of the *Times-Democrat.* Three and fifty of these were from Guy de Maupassant; others were from Pierre Loti, Villers de L'Isle Adam, Joseph Monet, Octave Mirbeau and Maxime de Camp. A few were from Alphonse Daudet, Arsene Houssaye, Alfred de Vigny, Francois Coppée, Gustave Flaubert, Emile Zola, Camille Flammarion, and Charles Baissac, the Mauritian novelist. The remarkable quality of these translations was speedily recognized. Compliments came from all directions, even far-off India sent warm appreciation of those papers which were afterwards embodied in "Stray Leaves from Strange Literatures."

It was largely as a result of this experience as a translator that Hearn sub-

sequently elaborated the volume entitled "One of Cleopatra's Nights," his first formal contribution to literature. The suggestion which led to this work came from Major W. H. Robinson, then city editor of the *Republican,* afterwards of the *Picayune,* and always a warm friend of Hearn's. I have often heard Major Robinson describe Hearn's visits to his home, to read the manuscript as it progressed, and of Mrs. Robinson's intense displeasure with the forlorn, unkempt, dilapidated individual who occupied so much of her husband's scanty leisure; for Hearn still seems to have been careless of his personal appearance, in spite of his increasing prosperity.

In addition to the translations, he furnished the *Times-Democrat* a great variety of other matter. These, though for the most part unsigned, as was the case especially with the editorials, may be identified partly by the style—which is entirely distinctive—and partly by the subjects. Hearn's deep interest in all cosmic phenomena found expression in such papers as: "What is Light?" "As If Painted by Lightning," "Sun Spasms," "Astral Changes," "Vulcanology," "The Destiny of Solar Systems," "The Fate of the Comet," "The Course of the Stars," "Saturn's Rings," "Is the World an Animal?" "Human Influence Upon the Weather," "Light's Swiftness,' "'The Javanese-Cataclysm," "The Javanese Ragnarok," "The Quivering of the World's Skin," "The Exploding Comet," "The Atmosphere About the Moon," "The Transit of Venus," "The Life of Stars," "Earthquakes and Volcanoes," "Aetna," and "The Sun's End."

Other sciences, more closely related to man and his dependent animals, are touched on in "Submarine Gossip," "The Lost Colony of the Norsemen," "Men Who Have Tails," "Fish Propagation," "White Cannibalism," "Ethnologic Theorizing," "Down in a Salt Mine," "Mediaeval Pompeiis," "Louisiana Fossil Horses," "Turning Into Indians," "Mediaeval Armor in the Soudan," "Mediaevalism Resurrected," "Trichonosis," "Timbrological," "Maspero's Find," "Hot Baths in the Middle Ages," "The Hypocrisy of the Face." He turned to politics in "The Story of Zebehr Pasha," "The Destroyer of Six Armies," "A Mahdi of the Eighteenth Century," "Norodom the Last," "Arming the Arab Women," "A Legion of Mahdis," "The Rise of the Mahdi' (for this was the time of Chinese Gordon and the revolt in Egypt.)

He wrote of literature and religion in "French Journalism," "The Sex Idea in French Literature," "Some Fancies About Fancy," "The Piper of Hamelin," "Emile Zola," "A Mad Romantic," "The Brahma Somaj," "A Lily in the Mouth of Hell," "Gustave Doré," "Philosophical Elegies," "The Two Arnolds," "Forgery in Art," "Henri Heine's Wife," "What Buddhism Is," "The Friends of Flaubert," and "Arcadians and Acadians." And there were also many Creole studies, especially in the period of his earlier residence in New Orleans.

In addition to his journalistic activities Hearn put forth in these busy years several books, including the curious and unfamiliar "Gombo Zhebes," and furnished several articles to the Century Magazine, Harper's Weekly and Harpers Bazaar. To the latter he contributed one paper on the Exposition, and two papers on Oriental themes, "The

Legend of Tchi-Niu" and "Rabyah's Last Ride." It is certainly remarkable that he should have been able to find time for this additional work in the midst of all the preoccupations of a newspaperman's busy life.

Let us complete the formal outline of Hearn's career in New Orleans with some unpublished reminiscences furnished by George W. Cable, the novelist, regarding the circumstance which led Hearn finally to remove from the city. There was much in common between these two remarkable men; they early became friends, and it was Hearn's custom to call two or three times a week at Cable's home. The latter was then employed in a commercial house, but was already widely known as a literary man, having published "Old Creole Days" in *Scribner's Monthly*. *Scribner's* was beginning to make itself felt as a rival of the older *Harper's New Monthly*. The editor of the latter was naturally anxious to enlist Cable among his contributors, and resorted to the flattering device of sending J. O. Davidson, the marine painter, to New Orleans to see if he could not win Cable away from his first allegiance.

"I felt quite justified in telling Mr. Davidson that I could not yield to that sort of pressure," says Mr. Cable, "and when he complained 'You see the embarrassing position you put me in,' I retorted good naturedly, 'Oh, yes, but you took that risk when you started! Besides, I am not going to let you go back empty handed; I have just the man for you.'

"At that time Lafcadio Hearn had fallen into one of his dreamiest states of mind and was doing for the *Times-Democrat* work that was mystic, misty, attenuated—altogether too much in the hazy German manner. It reflected Poe at his worst, and was never tangibly about anything. I loved his beautiful gifts, and as I said to him, hoped to see him stop spinning spiderwebs and weave a fabric that would clothe facts and things and people and actual conditions. I said these things plainly to him, for the bond of our union was our critical fidelity to each other..... I said to Davidson, 'Hearn comes here every Wednesday or Friday, or Sunday, (or whatever day it was), and he will be here today. You shall meet him.'

"Hearn came. Davidson and I got him on a sofa between us, and wouldn't let him up until he had promised to write in his own imitable way an account of some definite condition of life and nature which appealed to his romantic mind. The result was a ringing success. * * * The consequence was that Hearn made his way into the same intimate relations with the Harper house that I had so lately formed with *Scribner's* and the *Century*. Ultimately they invited him to come to New York. He went, and the Harpers sent him to the West Indies."

The opportunities which thus opened out before him were too tempting to be ignored; he resigned from the *Times-Democrat* in June, 1887, and New Orleans never saw him again. Later, he went to Japan, and there, discovering that he was being paid less for his writings than the artist who accompanied him was being paid for the illustrations, he broke his contract in a fit of angry disgust, and decided to remain in Japan—a decision fraught with,

for him, most momentous consequences, as all the world knows.

During all the years that he was in New Orleans Hearn lived the life of a recluse as far as that was possible, considering the requirements of his profession. But he made some warm friends, and from them he obtained the sympathy which his nature, for all of its reserve, required. Some of these have already been indicated by name; there were others, like the old picture-and-book dealer, Armand Hawkins; Breedlove Smith, merchant, art connoisseur and former officer of the Confederate cruiser Alabama, of whom, in a hurried note, Hearn once said: "He just barely misses greatness"—John Dimitry, and others, a little group which used to foregather to talk, one night in every week, in a dusty cubby-hole in the rear of Hawkins' store on Canal street. But even Hearn's most loyal friends had to admit that his was a singularly fluid nature, subject to sudden changes, whims, and reversals; and that it required exquisite tact and patience to deal with him, because of his extreme sensitiveness. Those who loved him had to be content to give him love and sympathy when he needed them, asking nothing in return; for, though generous to a fault, he was as unstable as quicksilver, and might be turned against a friend of many years by a chance word that wounded, or by the deliberate misrepresentations of a stranger. He had an unreasoning dread of treachery, possibly due to the fact that he had been deserted in his most susceptible years by his unhappy parents, and this made him disloyal to some who tried to befriend him. With children, and with plain, unpretentious, even uncultured folk—fishermen, servants and others who could not be his intellectual or social equals, he was free from these uneasy feelings; and hence one finds among his most cherished associates, in the New Orleans days, humble, simple people, who expected nothing from him in return for the affection which they gave, but who in this way drew out some of the most attractive sides of his nature.

One of the best illustrations of this was his friendship with a woman of whom the world has never heard—the Irish landlady of the boarding-house for medical students at (old number) 68 Gasquet street, with whom Hearn boarded during the last four years of his life in New Orleans, and to whom he seems to have been extravagantly grateful for the motherly care which she gave him—a care far exceeding her obligation as landlady. This was Mrs. Margaret Courtney. Mrs. Courtney is said to have been by birth, native ability and refinement far above the station which she occupied. She married a man much older than herself, but in no way her equal. She was a thoroughly good and genuinely kind woman, respected by all who knew her, and her innate refinement and warm Irish heart won her other friends besides Hearn, friends who speak of her today with affection and respect.

How Hearn came to take up his abode in the out-of-the-way and rather dubious neighborhood on Gasquet street where Mrs. Courtney's home was situated, is not explained. It was a region of cheap boarding houses for medical students; Hearn frankly loathed conventional respectability, and liked varied and novel experiences, the more

gruesome the better; therefore, it is probable that the company of medical students with their habitual discourse of morbid anatomy and gory but "interesting" operations, had an attraction for him. Certainly such surroundings appealed to him far more than the "carpets—pianos — windows — curtains — brass bands—churches" which he shocked his proper friend Gould by "hating" with great intensity.

When he began to board at Mrs. Margaret Courtney's house, Hearn was broken in health by his privations, voluntary and involuntary. When he first came to New Orleans, unknown, and nearly penniless, he had gone through a long period of direst poverty, just as he had done in London, New York and Cincinnati in the preceding years. And we have seen how even when he was making, by reportorial and literary work on the *Item*, enough to live in comfort, he chose rather to deprive himself of all but the barest necessities in order to save for travel and study. The small sum—$100—which he thus saved, was swallowed up in his disastrous restaurant venture; and it is easy to believe that the period of his bachelor housekeeping left him much the worse for his own cooking and frugal marketing. Worst of all, there is abundant evidence in his letters of this time that he was constantly haunted by the fear of losing the sight of his one sound eye. The question of questions for him at this time was how to preserve his health and eyesight long enough to do the work of which he was dreaming with all the ardent ambition of a friendless and homeless genius, whose whole soul was in the art which he was just beginning to master. What Mrs. Courtney did for him, and his heartfelt gratitude for it, may best be told in the words which he himself wrote in two copies of his early books, given by him to this true friend; which are now in the possession of a niece of Mrs. Courtney's, who is still living in New Orleans.

The first of these books is "Gombo Zhebes," the collection of Creole proverbs which constituted Hearn's second published book; and it is evidently, as the inscription states, the first printed copy he received:

To my kindest friend, Mrs. Margaret Courtney,—whose unselfish care aided me not a little in obtaining the health necessary to study—this first printed copy is respectfully presented.

Lafcadio Hearn.

The second is written in a copy of "Some Chinese Ghosts," which appeared some three years later.

July 28, 1884.

To my kindest and truest friend, Mrs. M. Courtney,—by whose generous care and unselfish providing I recovered that health of mind and body without which no literary work can be accomplished.

Lafcadio Hearn.

It was at Mrs. Courtney's house that Hearn had his queer "den," in a sort of office somewhat apart from the house,—where he had his meals served in a solitude shared only by his cat, "Nannie," the stray kitten, which, with characteristic tender-heartedness, he had rescued from starvation in the street, and which always sat on his table and was fed by him while he ate, —one mouthful for the cat, one for himself, quite impartially.

He did not sleep at No. 68 Gasquet street, but at the corner of Gasquet and Robertson, in an upstairs room which his friend, Dr. Matas, describes as quite bare of furniture, save for the bed and a chair or so, and his trunks of valu-

able books—of which, as is well known, Hearn had a remarkable collection. Rare books and queer books were his passion, and while, as book-reviewer for the *Times-Democrat,* he got hold of all the literature of the day, he really cared most for the odd volumes which he unearthed by means of foreign catalogues of unusual and little known publications. These he would treasure, and often have re-bound in costly fashion, so that those worn old trunks held books of great value, both to the lover of rare volumes and to the lover of fine bindings. An old leather traveling-bag, which sat upon one of these trunks, made the desk on which, with his yellow paper very near his one myopic eye, he wrote with great speed, in a fine clear hand, page after page of exquisite translation or paraphrase, criticism or speculation, re-writing passages again and again till the words seemed to express exactly his shade of thought.

In this room, more often than in his 'den" at Mrs. Courtney's, he did his work and here also, when he was in the humor for talking, which was usually at night, he would oftenest entertain his friends with hours of brilliant, fluent talk. And such talk! Such a wonderful monologue—for his friends soon learned to talk only enough to lead him on to talk more—of fantastic, beautiful, unearthly speculation, delivered in a soft, low, dreamy voice that could not have been heard a dozen feet away, but which held his listeners spell-bound as by some glorious music. Such talk as this, on subjects scientific, philosophical, religious, mythological, or literary, he would pour out when under the influence of a sympathetic listener like Dr. Matas, with whom he carried on curious researches into the medical lore and practices of the Arabs, or some of the queer corners of that mediaeval civilization which always attracted him almost as much as did the Oriental civilization, which finally drew him into itself.

The house in which he slept is no longer standing, and Mrs. Courtney's house, with the little office building in which he had his "den," has been changed and rebuilt. Some years ago, a picture was published in one of the New Orleans newspapers purporting to be the picture of the Gasquet street house in which Hearn lived; but Mrs. Courtney's niece, who was a child in her house during those years when Hearn abode there, says that through a mistake of the photographer the wrong house was taken.

This niece of Mrs. Courtney's, Miss Maggie Corcoran, remembers the queer, shy little one-eyed man who was so gentle and kind to children and animals, and who would not eat with other people, because he was morbidly sensitive about his eyesight and appearance, but whom her good aunt humored to the extent not only of serving his meals to him in his "den," but of getting for him specially nourishing food, choice cuts of meat, and other delicacies which her motherly soul saw the frail boy's neglected health demanded. She recalls that she and her cousin Ella, who was a little older than she, would watch the visitors who came to call on the queer ugly little man, who read and wrote so much, and did not always like to see people, unless they were special friends, like Dr. Matas, or Mr. Page Baker, who came often, riding on his fine horse.

"We children," Miss Corcoran confesses, "didn't think much of Mr. Hearn; he was kind and nice, but he didn't pay much attention to us or to anybody, and he was small and ugly. But we thought Mr. Page Baker was the greatest and most beautiful man in the world,—so tall and handsome, with his beautiful big horse; and we would watch for him, and race with each other to meet him, so as to be the first to ask to hold his horse while he went in to see Mr. Hearn."

She it is who now possesses the books which Hearn gave to Mrs. Courtney with the grateful inscriptions I have just quoted; and she has also some interesting little letters, hithertoo unpublished, written to Mrs. Courtney and to her daughter, Ella, when he was away at Grand Isle, in New York and Philadelphia, or in the West Indies; and one, written on a brief trip which he made to Florida with one of his Cincinnati friends. She had also some written from Japan, but these have not been found. They contained nothing of importance, save a few characteristic passages of luminous description, but they are chiefly of value for the evidence they give of the genuine, lasting affection and regard which this sensitive and somewhat capricious soul had always for the good woman who mothered him in his years of early struggle in New Orleans.

In addition to the letters, Miss Corcoran has preserved some old manuscrips of Hearn, such as the preface to "Gombo Zhebes," and an old-fashioned autograph album, plush-bound and quaintly illustrated, in which among a lot of commonplace and conventional autographs is an exquisite translation by Hearn of a poem by Victor Hugo, entitled *"A Elle."* The deaths of both Mrs. Courtney and young Ella, the latter under peculiarly sad circumstances, left all these things in the hands of the niece who had grown up in Mrs. Courtney's house, and she has preserved them because her aunt treasured every momento of Mr. Hearn. The Hugo translation runs as follows:

March 14, 1887.

TO HER.

Thy trembling arm I pressed
Fondly; our thoughts confessed
Love's conquest tender.
God filled the vast sweet night,
Love filled our hearts—the light
Of stars made splendor.

Even as we walked and dreamed,
Between earth and heaven, it seemed,
Our souls were speaking.
The stars looked down on thy face;
Thine eyes, through violet space,
The stars were seeking.

And from he astral height,
Feeling the soft sweet light,
Thrill to the soul,
Thou saids't: "Oh God of bliss!
Lord God of the Blue Abyss,
Thou madest the whole!"

And the stars were whispering low
To the God of space: "We know,
Lord God of Eternity,
Dear God, all love is thine!
Even by Love's light we shine:
Thou madest Beauty."

Among the letters the following seems to have been written during the first visit he paid to Grand Isle, during the summer of 1884, when he was working on "Chita."

My Dear Mrs. Courtney:

This time I really "take my pencil in hand" because pen and ink are not convenient. I must say I have been enjoying myself very much, in my own quiet sort of way; I take

three swims every day, and the water is making me feel like a new man. The air is clear as a diamond. To tell you what Grand Isle is I must ask you to imagine a low grassy island with a beautiful sandy head. There is no hotel, in the strict sense of the word. This used to be a Creole plantation; and the little white cabins used to be the slave quarters. They are now remodelled so as to make cozy rooms. The dining room is a great big one-story building, that might once have been a sugar-house; and there are whole streets of the little cottages. My room is small and cozy, and everybody leaves doors and windows open all day long. Nobody has ever had anything stolen here. There are birds and trees and insects innumerable; the "mud-daubers" build their nests in every corner—there are two under the top of my washstand. The board—(I know you want to hear about the board)—is very good. One does not need any wine here; the sea-air is wine enough. I have a famous appetite and am getting well tanned. Kindest regards to Ella and Mr. Courtney.

Very truly yours,

Lafcadio Hearn.

Very similar to this, in their kind and friendly tone, are all the letters from Grand Isle, and indeed all his letters to the Courtneys show a constant cordiality and thoughtfulness.

Mrs. Courtney was a very large woman,—extremely stout—and the letters from Grand Isle are full of allusions to the hot weather, which he knew she must find trying in the city; and wishes, that she could be down on the island, enjoying the sea breezes. Thus:

My Dear Mrs. Courtney:

Your letter came to make me feel both glad and sorry; I was glad to hear from you and pained to know you were not feeling good. If I only had my wish you would be so happy you would not know what to do. I fancy the only serious trouble is the very hot weather, which is weakening, but which will soon be over, and then you will feel all right again. Besides, I will soon be back to make you feel jolly.

I am sorry to hear times are so dull. Should you at any moment need any money, do not hesitate a moment to draw what money I have in the homestead and use it. Show Mr. Thomas McIntyre this letter if you wish, and take the money from him.

Times were evidently pretty hard for the Courtneys, and they tried to better them by opening a grocery store, to which there are several references in these letters. It was not successful, for Mrs. Courtney could not give it the time and attention necessary to make it so. But to Ella, Hearn writes as follows

If your ma could only see the pretty little groceries here,—right near the beach, with woods of oak trees behind them rising up like great green mountains, it would do her good. Think of a pretty cottage with balconies, and a platform behind as large as your parlors, with vines trained over it to keep he sun away. Looking on one side you see orange groves, and on the other a shady lane with hedges of oleander. That is your grocery. There are no streets, only green grass paths—quite high, like levees, and there is marsh on each side, where crabs and fish are. Every house is smothered with trees, and there is a smell of flowers everywhere. I wish the grocery belonged to your ma.

Another passage in the same letter shows his kindly thought for the good landlady, where he admonishes Ella:

You are getting to be such a nice big young lady now, that you ought to be able to look after your ma, and see that she does not get sick. She took care of you so long,—ever since you were no bigger than a little chicken,—that it is your turn now to look after her, and take care of her—don't you think so?

But he was not always so well pleased with the beauties of Grand Isle. Some of the letters written on another visit, two years later, show, just as his later Japanese letters show, that the enthusiasm which he was apt

to feel while the first impression of a new place lasted, wore off when the novelty was gone.

In this one, for instance, written to Mrs. Courtney's young daughter Ella, who must have been about ten years old, he says:

Kranz Hotel, Grand Isle,

Sunday Morning.

Dear Ella: Many thanks for your nice little letter. I have, as you say, something of a nice time here, because there is fine sea-bathing and big winds; but I feel quite lonesome at times, and wish I was back again in the little room where the pictures are. Since I wrote to your dear good mamma last, a good many more people have come; there are nearly a hundred now. I do not know anybody here, and although I made a few acquaintances,—including a great big nice Irishman named Conway,—they all go away tomorrow (Monday), so that I shall have no company soon. But Mr. Baker (Marion) says he will get down early in August.

And we have had some very hot nights here too,—not a breath of air; but the atmosphere is not as damp and as heavy as in New Orleans. Some day or other, you and your mamma must come down to this coast, and pass a week. There are other boarding-houses on the island; but they are Creoles who keep them, and they do not give you enough to eat. The man who keeps this place is an old German, named Krantz, and as he wants plenty to eat himself he sees that others get enough. I am sure you are well, and I hope you are happy and have plenty of fun. We have only two mails a week,—Tuesday and Saturday,—so that I cannot hear from the city as often as I should like; but I think about you all, and trust everything goes well. I get the papers sent to me by Mr. Baker, and hear all the news. With thanks for your sweet little letter, and with sincerest good wishes for your mamma and all friends, believe me ever yours,

Lafcadio Hearn.

Another describes Grand Isle in a rainy season,—with a dashing pen-and-ink sketch at the top to illustrate it.

Thursday!!!!

My Dear Mrs. Courtney:

Rain! This is my house—the end-room is mine. I know you expect, or at least, wish for a line—here it is.

I trust you are well. I am getting along nicely. Had to get my hair cut off on account of the continual bathing; and I am so sunburnt you would take me for a colored man.

I miss your nice beeksteaks, nice legs of mutton, nice cooking. Very little meat here,—and no eggs. Nothing but oysters, croakers, redfish, sheepshead, crabs,—I am going to turn into a fish and get scales! But we have plenty of cow's milk and biscuit and butter. The butter is not very good, and the cows eat so much wild camomile that the milk is a little bitter; but I have got to like it.

Last night we had rain, and you ought to have heard the frogs. It sounded like a hundred thousand tin horns blowing—a big frog's Christmas Eve. Near the house there were little fellows who kept saying: "Polly, Polly, Polly!" but the big fellows in the marsh kept blowing their tin horns. Other frogs said or seemed to say: "Tea-table, tea-table, tea-table," all the time.

"You will be glad to hear that I have done a great deal of writing and I think it will be good."

In 1885, he went for a brief trip to Florida, "in the track of old Ponce de Leon—bathing in the Fount of Youth—talking to the palm trees,—swimming in the great Atlantic surf." He was induced to go by one of his Cincinnati frends, Charles F. Johnson, who visited him in New Orleans at this time. The oddest thing about this letter is his curious slip-of-the-pen about "white-pine" trees all along the road to Jacksonville. Of course it goes without saying that if he saw a single "white-pine" in that yellow-pine region, it was a

botanical curiosity so remarkable that he would have been justified in stopping the train to examine it.

The Everett, Jacksonville, Florida,
April 16, 1885.

My Dear Mrs. Courtney:

I hope the sight of this ink will convince you that you have received a real letter—as you have so often declared that those letters in pencil are the same as no letters at all, and perhaps you are right. We came here at about 10 o'clock last night, after a very tiresome journey of about twenty-seven hours in the cars. The road was inconceivably dusty, and the scenery all the same from New Orleans to Jacksonville;—nothing but white-pine trees, which one gets tired of looking at.

Now the railroading is over, and we take the boat,—to sail to Silver Springs, which is supposed to be Ponce de Leon's "Fountain of Youth." I am gaining a great appreciation for home-comfort, by reason of my experience with Florida railroad restaurants. Johnson says that I am spoiled for travel,—because I expect to find what is not found outside of Mrs. Courtney's. So far, we have seen nothing that could interest you, or that interested us, but the trip is really only beginning now. I think I shall go back next week, but am not quite sure. I will try to get back by boat if I can, as the railroad is too tiresome, and this may take longer.

Very truly yours,
Lafcadio Hearn.

Appended to this is a short scribble in pencil from his companion, "Charley" Johnson, as he calls him in the letter to Krehbiel printed in the Bisland biography, which is the only other allusion to this brief Florida trip which I can find.

You have no idea how both Mr. Hearn and myself thought of you all day yesterday. While we were cracking our teeth and jawbones on alligator skin beefsteak and nondescript food of all possible and impossible sorts we had glorious visions of the luscious meals we were gorged with in your house continually before our eyes. Poor Hearn, dragged madly along, felt as unhappy as a little tarantula enclosed in a paper bag, and I had to nail his little grey cap to the seat to keep him from jumping out of the window in order to tramp back to New Orleans. This morning he is a little more resigned to his fate, while I feel as well as a fish in clear water. My best regards to you and Ella.

C. F. JOHNSON.

Of still greater interest are the long letters to Mrs. Courtney from New York and Philadelphia,—written from the house of Krehbiel in the one case, and from that of Dr. George Gould in the other; and those from the West Indies. Space admits only a few brief quotations from these, however. He writes on the eve of his departure to St. Pierre, Martinique:

New York is an awful place in the business quarter; the only manner I can find my way about is by getting a hack. Railroads are roaring overhead all the time; the streets are blocked with wagons, horses, vehicles of a thousand kinds;—and the cram and jam in Broadway cars is something terrific. Then it takes you all the morning to get to a place and all the afternoon to get back. I walked twenty minutes as hard as I could through the postoffice building—just to find a place to post a letter. You can have some idea of the size of buildings here when I tell you that the rent of one of them is more than a million dollars a year. Rents of half-a-million and $700,000 are more common. The place deafens me, stifles me, frightens me; I am glad to get out of it into a nice warm sleepy old-fashioned place. I am going to send you photographs of where I shall be.

And accordingly one finds, carefully preserved with the letters from Georgetown, Demarara, some faded brown pictures.

From Gould's house, he writes:

I am in the house of a very good friend—(I have luck with the doctor, like you have)—A physician here, an oculist. If anything happened to my eyes, I would be in good hands." And 'iDon't think I shall ever remain in any one place long; but if I

should I would like Philadelphia better than and city I have seen in the U. S."

He closes this letter, which was written just after his return from Martinique, with these words:

I am sure that if kind good wishes and prayers could help me in traveling, yours must have so done. I have seen some rough times in the tropics, but I pulled through first-rate and put more confidence in myself than I used to. With affectionate regards to all friends and the best share to yourself, believe me, always your friend and grateful little boarder of other days,

Lafcadio Hearn.

In short, if Hearn was, as all his friends and acquaintances bear witness, a sort of human mirror, reflecting the influence of the friend of the hour in the letters which that friend received, Mrs. Margaret Courtney must have been a woman of true kindness and strong, unwavering affection, for these are the qualities which, like a group of golden-hearted dandelions bordering the "banquette" in the midst of the most sordid and dusty down-town streets, bloom from the simple, homely letters which he wrote to this gentle and unpretentious friend. He wrote to her, it is said, a number of times even in those Japanese years, when other friends who had been far more to him in many ways heard nothing from him. It was because she was "meek and lowly-hearted," giving him what he needed and asking nothing in return, that his friendship for her survived distance and time, and the breaking of many stronger ties.

Effort

By HORTENSE FLEXNER

The wind will not cry out in marble,
Nor towers be told in music;
Yet am I sculptor
Forever laboring to carve
The mourning wind
In stone;
And a musician
Seeking vainly
For sounds
Out of which to build
My tower.

The Meadow of The Dead

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE priest turned from the altar and delivered the Gospel to the people; he was a peasant and built on enduring primitive lines, but old age had overtaken him, and there was weariness and feebleness in his attitude and speech. He was translating the Gospel into the tongue of the people and his labor gave the words a pathetic appeal. Earnestly and with effort he related the Gospel story, and the language he used, the speech of peasants and fishermen, brought one back to the Gospel age. He told the story of the Apostles' vision, the Saviour walking on the waters, and the words, "Let fear not be on ye," seemed more intimate, more comforting in the endearing Irish speech. He preached from the text, and then, without any lapse from earnestness or dignity, went on to speak about the crops, about the necessity for spraying the potatoes, about an offer made to the district through one of the Government Departments. Then he spoke for a while about the death of a man well known to all the people, a man who was of the priest's own blood and name. He returned to the Gospel text, and said again, feebly and heavily, "Let fear not be on ye."

The people did not disperse after mass; they waited about the village and near the chapel to attend the burial. The girls went into the houses in the village, and the young men stood together gossiping or telling stories. The devotees went into the house where the dead was laid out, and a few old men and women lingered in the chapel yard to repeat the traditional prayer on leaving mass:

> Christ, farewell, Mary, farewell!
> The Apostles keep me 'till I come again!

It was a day that might have been consecrated to some village festival. The summer had come with warmth and light and ease, and the corn stood high in quiet attainment. The children were happy in their holiday dresses. Those beautiful Connacht children had nobler promise than the growing corn or the delightful day.

The coffin was borne out on men's shoulders, and the people fell into order and moved after the bearers. Their way was across fields to a churchyard that held many generations of their dead. And now the children pulled woodbine out of the hedges and plucked the foxglove that stood high in the ditches. The procession moved as though the people were taking part in some grave idyll. In that procession one could see a representation of the life and history of peasant Ireland.

Old men tramped resolutely on. They lived by earnestness and hope, and their bowed shoulders and hanging, uncouth hands brought a religious element into the funeral procession. They looked as if they had been moulded by a common force, but many of them had come back to their little patch of land from the streets of New York, from the dock-

yards of England, from the factories of Scotland. Beside these old peasants walked men of a different world, their sons and nephews who were back from America for a season. These Irish-Americans looked prosperous and effectual, powerful of mouth and jaw. The people near the coffin were from the country towns; they were types of those who had profited by the social revolution. The young men of the peasantry looked keen and ready; they were exuberant on the surface, secretive in the depths. The young girls and the old women still wore the peasant shawl; amongst the women too, there were returned emigrants, bringing with them dresses and fashions that were incongruous here. These women had marked individualities; they were the unconscious guardians of a civilization that had been swept from all places except the hearth.

The coffin had been borne through the gate, and while the people were still crossing the fields they heard the lament for the dead. It rose suddenly, a savage abandonment to grief. Other voices joined in, and the caoine took on its rhythmical, monotonous form. The voice of the women became remote and unfamiliar, and then one heard the veritable cry that has gone up from every field in Europe and Asia, the cry that has a memory of all grief, the sorrow of fathers for their strong sons, the heartbreak of women for their husbands and homes, the desolation and despair of broken clans. The people entered the graveyard with that monotonous lament beating at their hearts. And now, in the beautiful Gaelic phrase, they were in the Meadow of the Dead. The grass was high and green over the ridges of graves, and the ash trees with youthful branches and leaves joyous in the sunlight grew above the dead. A woman left the throng and hurried amongst the graves calling out to her dead. Then many went amongst the graves, some hurriedly, some slowly and reluctantly. Clay fell on the coffin of the newly dead, but the sound was lost in a general lamentation. Old and young, men and women, wept for their kindred. Some, in the vehemence of their grief, broke branches from the trees, and the green boughs of the ash were strewn upon the graves.

It was no longer a lament for one man dead, it was a mourning for the dead generally, for the fact of death. So thought one who moved amongst the dead, an onlooker. Then one figure brought the sorrow to his heart as with a direct utterance. This was the figure of a girl who knelt by a grave. She was massively and nobly formed, and in her dark face there was an unrealized force, a slumbering passion. She belonged to that dark type that is called Spanish in the West of Ireland, which is Iberian perhaps and belonging to the people whom the new-coming Milesians called Firbolgs. She knelt by the grave of a young man, weeping silently, without the *caoine*.

Bel Esprit

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

EZRA POUND is at it again. A few days ago, I received an urgent communication from him setting forth a plan towards the establishment of a society to be known as *Bel Esprit,* the fundamental purpose of which is to relieve the economic pressure of certain men of letters. The idea is as feasible, as it is humane. I pass it along in the hope that Americans here and there will respond to it. The idea originated with Richard Aldington; Pound is the engineer; Paris and a group of Parisian artists the background.

Cousin Ezra writes (in part) as follows: "The rewards of writers are in inverse order of merit. That is to say, the worst work usually brings the greatest financial reward. Current systems of prize-giving are not much more satisfactory. They occasionally reward merit, or advertise it. Anatole France may well have deserved the Nobel Prize, but no one will claim that his reception of it in the hundred and first year of his age is likely to increase his production or improve its quality.

"The only thing one can give an artist is leisure in which to work. To give him leisure is actually to take part in his creation. It is a question of making freemen, in the only sense that that word is worth while. Bel Esprit is definitely and defiantly not a charity. Bel Esprit proposes simply to *release more energy for invention and design* (the motto is Major Douglas') ; the practical way is to release those artists or writers who have definitely proved that they have something in them, and are capable of its expression. What we want is not more books, but a better quality of book; and the modus is (1) to find the man; (2) to guarantee him food and leisure, by a co-operation of subscribers (individuals or groups) pledging themselves to give fifty dollars per year for life or for as long as the artist needs it.

"The supposed danger of the individual patron is eliminated, there being thirty, twenty, or in the case of very young men, even as few as ten backers required. There would in any case be enough difference of taste among them to prevent their trying to force the artist's work into any mould or modality not his own. If one of them tried to make him paint or write in one way, presumably some other would counteract this; and in any case no one donor would be sufficiently essential to the artist's welfare to give him an inconvenient hold."

The first "beneficiary" of this remarkable scheme is the American poet and critic, T. S. Eliot, a choice, surely, nobody can justifiably bark at. Eliot has long since proven his right to the employment of the release aimed at in the manifesto of Bel Esprit. One need only refer back to "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and "The Portrait of a Lady" for substantiation of such a claim. The fact that these two poems alone instituted a genre which has been the inspiration of younger English poets (notably Aldous Huxley and the three

Sitwells), as well as younger Americans, establishes the importance of Eliot as a fine influence. In the critical field, in which he is second to no man writing English or American, Eliot has "The Sacred Wood" to his credit. The fact that the group which chose Eliot as the initial freeman is composed of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Americans, is significant of the "international" character of the proposal. The artist is chosen regardless of nationality. Which is as it should be, and rarely is! Until recently, Eliot earned his livelihood in a London bank. Recently, that is, he suffered a severe nervous breakdown, necessitating a three month's leave of absence. He has been trying to recuperate in Sienna, where Pound has joined him. Ten subscribers have already "come through," and it is the immediate aim of the society to raise twenty more. Eliot's own wishes in the affair were *not* consulted. He was hundreds of miles away from the proposal, which was hatched in secret. There were four people present at the discussion "capable of subscribing instanter; the number of moral certainties increased the list to ten; with a problematical fringe; other members have undertaken further organization, private and public."

Eliot's output so far, as far as bulk is concerned, has been slight indeed. He wrote "Prufrock" and "The Portrait" while he was studying philosophy under Bergson (I believe) at the Sorbonne, about ten years ago. He was then twenty-two! In the interim, he has composed the handful of additional poems which appear in the Knopf edition of "Poems". The average must have been two or three poems a year. All very well, since the poems maintain a uniformly high order, but what of the additional work which might have found its way to paper? Who can say how much of the energy required for these had to be employed in the service of economics, as we interpret the word in the present social scheme? Who can say that employment in a bank is no worse than hack-work on a newspaper? Not long ago I encountered a well-known English novelist (who shall be nameless) who was stealing his first glimpse of Italy. How? By acting as tourist agent and lecturer for a party of bourgeois English gentlewomen and gentlemen who wanted to see all there was to be seen in a month. The novelist had to spend his "leisure" moments, which were few, in reading up on the next place to be visited, so as to be able to inform his charges of the marvels to be confronted. A fine how-do-you-do! Our visit was cut short early in the evening. He had to retire early, so as to rise at five the next morning, collect his charges and rush them to a train bound for Naples. This business of collecting his charges, and answering their multiform variations of the same questions, was an hourly performance. He knew as little about Italy, by experience, as they; yet they had to depend on him exclusively, which they did without, as well as with every provocation. This proved a new one on me. I thought I had encountered every type of adventure among artists in the pursuit of an "honest" livelihood; but this one positively deserves the laurel. I once wrote political speeches for a living, although I knew absolutely less than nothing about politics, had never voted, never listened to a stump orator, and to this day haven't the

slightest idea as to the difference, if any, that separates Republicans and Democrats. I retire in shame before the novelist. The bacon is his.

A bank may not be the most confining performance under the sun—after all, there are factories, mines and sewers—but when a man of Eliot's stature enjoys a vacation and leisure only at the expense of a nervous breakdown, it is time to look into the matter. Usually, one doesn't do so. One hasn't time for the look. One is more than occupied with one's own turmoil. And with this, that and the other concern which exhausts the whole of one's time, energy and ingenuity—if one has any left over from yesterday. It is, however, at such moments that fellows like Aldington, Pound and their associates, employ themselves. They have a little time and energy left over. Likewise a little "feeling." This is, to be sure, an old-fashioned word, no longer current. But if these men can revive it, or some modern synonym of it, and put it to the practical use they are demonstrating with such speed, allied to wisdom, who will quarrel with them? On the contrary, somebody actually may try to help them with their project. Two or three somebodies. If there are any such in America, they can reach Bel Esprit at 20 Rue Jacob, Paris. Even if you can't send them a donation, try them with a letter. You will benefit either way, I'm sure.

The Flight of Asmodaeus

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

To the uttermost parts of Egypt the Demon fled,
Over the long green Nile that writhed and quivered
Under his agony, like a kindred snake.
The rustling reeds of papyrus bowed and shivered.
Then did the moonlight pillars of Karnak quake,
And deep in their pyramids moaned the mummied dead.

The rebel gods; those waiting the sunrise red,
Twins of the Desert; the crouching Sphinx; young Horus
And ancient Amen; the awful Four on their throne
Of Abu Simbel; all in a thunder chorus
Called on Jehovah and chilled to colossal stone.
To the uttermost parts of Egypt the Demon fled.

Reviews

YOUTH GROWS OLD

By ROBERT NATHAN

(New York, McBride, 1922)

THOSE who dislike the old forms and resent that precise metrical diction which is characteristic of the mass of great English traditional poetry will be affected unpleasantly by this volume, the distinction of which lies in its profoundly conventional texture. Those of us who admire the classic cadences of English verse will find it a delightful first book. Its pages are often haunted by echoes, but the music that is echoed is from among those more magical strains that will always dog the dreams of poets.

Robert Nathan, who is working out his destiny in both verse and prose, has developed, or is at any rate fast developing, that aloof, detached, otherworldly perspective which is associated with finely carved productions of literature, as, say, the best prose of Anatole France, the best poetry of E. A. Robinson. "Youth Grows Old" is an excellent title for the volume. Mr. Nathan has galloped through the erratic nonsensical fields of adolescence and early manhood as fast as might be to those cool distracted regions where one can, while viewing the press of life, quietly chisel a phrase in prose or verse. He seems, in a way, to have aged too soon. And he has not yet arrived, one believes, at his projected maturity, for he is preoccupied with technique (which explains the sometimes distressing problem of echoes in his work and the overemphasis laid now and then on meticulous diction).

Nevertheless, "Youth Grows Old" is a capital book. There are not half a dozen bad poems in the volume (a really amazing record) and there are many excellent ones. The work, almost throughout, is extremely competent. And one feels that from his retirement Mr. Nathan may in future issue some noble numbers to eclipse these very satisfactory songs. The problem in prose and verse which Mr. Nathan must solve, it seems to me, is that of escaping from haunting rhythms and mannerisms created before him, the magic of which is so powerful that they mould men's thoughts.

Mr. Nathan's control of his medium is splendid; his pen has a reserve and precision which is rare in America. If he can control his subconscious recollections of cadences he may become a fine artist. By this really charming book one is reminded of Middleton's words, "All the songs I ever heard are crying in my heart." But out of this ferment of expression can spring a rare and original technique. Mr. Nathan's eventual production is by no means likely to be a mosaic of reminiscences. It is possible that these strains will merge into a beautiful new note in the American symphony.

The book as it stands is charming, full of delicate beauty, fine restraint and reverent artistry. It contains many delightful things. There is an impressive unity about the series of poems, a well-sustained general tone which adds much to the effect of the individual selections The volume is excellently gotten-up, with pleasing running titles linking poem to poem.

I quote "Proem: The poet apologizes for himself.":

Man grows up
In quietness,
As he grows older
He talks less.

When he is old
He sits among
Gray grandfathers
And holds his tongue.

I'd rather sit
By a wine-shelf
And tell people
About myself.

And "At the symphony (Cesar Franck D. Minor)":

The 'cellos, setting forth apart,
Grumbled and sang, and so the day
From the low beaches of my heart
Turned in tranquility away.

And over weariness and doubt
Rose up the horns like bellied sails,
Like canvas of the soul flung out
To rising and orchestral gales;

Passed on and left irresolute
The ebony, the silver throat;

Low over clarinet and flute
Hung heaven upon a single note.

And "He considers the passing years":

All goes by, the bright fashion,
The brave right ,the sad wrong,
The wild love and the gay passion,
The bitter trouble, the sweet song.

And beauty goes, flying, flying,
And men's courage, and women's fears,
And nothing stays but the old crying,
The old sorrow, the old tears.

"Youth Grows Old" is, all in all, a delightful first book of poems. There are few men in America who can write so well as Robert Nathan. One feels that his eventual production may be among the most satisfactory work of his period.

JOHN MCCLURE.

BATOUALA

By RENE MARAN

(Prix Concourt, 1921)

THE past year has produced more important literary achievements than "Batouala," but hardly any as sensational. The merit of the book lies more in its documentary interest, the swift revelation which it makes of a corner of the world absolutely unfamiliar to Europeans, rather than in any great fictional performance. It stands out unique among the year's productions if only because it is by a cultured French negro possessing a high degree of race consciousness who writes about his black kinsmen living in a half-savage state in Equatorial Africa.

The author calls the book a work of objective observation. In his preface, he promises us another volume in which he will set down his own opinions about the exploitation of the blacks by the French Colonial system but for the present he contents himself with a *picture* of the negro and his life. The picture is vivid—executed with passion, and with command of the literary art. Maran has all of the genius Kipling displays in his Indian tales for graphic description, the dramatization of a locality and the precise rendering of its colloquial features, but as far as this book goes to prove, he has not equal talent as a story-teller.

Reviewers have described the book as a collection of short stories. It certainly does not form a consecutive narrative, but neither are the chapters separated into what are generally termed short stories. Each chapter is related to the preceding and to the following one, but it is also complete in itself as

a picture. The author calls them a series of etchings, and the series may be said to disclose a continuous panorama of the life in the village of which Batouala is chief, using the figure of Batouala as the point from which the perspective is considered. That is why the book is written throughout in an entirely objective vein. The negro has no critical reactions, he wonders and goes on wondering, but he does not wonder for the purpose of arriving at any conclusion. Therefore no opinions are formulated, nothing is crystallized into a judgment. The blacks when they walk, walk one behind the other like ducks because that is the way their fathers walked. They do not like to work and they do not like to be exploited by the Frenchman, but nothing forms itself in their minds out of this indolent resentment. They regard it as something unfortunate which has happened to them rather than as something unjust which should be changed. Their existence is one of sensation and vague musing; reason does not enter into it. They find the white man malodorous and they despise him, but then they marvel because he has a box out of which human voices come, and glasses which enable him to look upon far distant hills—sometimes he can even remove his own teeth and lay them upon the table. In short, the whites can do things far more extraordinary than any of their own sorcerers, and so they spit at the thought of them, but they marvel, too. There are many interesting bits of negro psychology, as, for instance, when Batouala says:

"The whites are worthless. They do not like us! They call us liars! Our lies deceive no one. If, sometimes, we embellish the truth, it is because it was not good enough, it is because without salt, *manioc* (a native dish) has no savour."

"They! They lie for nothing. They lie with method and memory, the way one breathes."

"From that comes their superiority over us."

The volume opens with the break of day over the hut of Batouala. We become cognizant of his thoughts upon awakening, and his habits of daily life —those of his wife Yassiguindja and his little dog Djouma. In the succeeding chapters we watch a tornado; then the gathering of the clans for their annual festivity—their dances and terrifying ceremonials; the death of Batouala's aged father and his burial at the end of eight days during which period friends watch and wail by the side of his remains; then the jealousy of Batouala towards the handsome young Bissibingue who threatens to rob him of Yassiguindja's affection. The hunting season approaches, which is also the dry season; brush fires are frequent—great preparations are made for the hunt; we watch the dangerous rhinoceros trapped; and then the death of Batouala killed by a panther's spring. There are many beautiful lyric passages in the book which describe the natives' intimate thoughts upon Nature, and their legends about the Sun and the Moon. But on the whole, Maran's style is brutal—blasting. He seems to be flaying his subject alive. He creates a picture which is vivid, complete and terrible in its naked reality. His descriptions fall upon one's imagination like a scorching but all-revealing stroke of lightning. There are many things in the book which shock one's acquired sensibilities —shock as would, no doubt, many of

the actual sights which would come to a white man's notice if he stopped amid a people living in a savage state. One cannot blame the author for the revolting scenes which find their place in his work. Its conception is too intense—too sincerely self-evolved to have been formed otherwise than it is formed. Does he not say modestly that he has spent six years in putting down all that he saw and all that he knew about the African negro into this absolutely impersonal, direct and economical little volume?

One may perhaps experience a personal antipathy for the pessimistic and negative point of view which the author takes of humanity. Obviously, the whites are no good—they are hypocritical and greedy. The blacks, we are told, were happy before the former came—each man worked for himself and had enough to eat, but they fought among themselves and ate the liver of their enemy so as to acquire his courage. We do not find their simple form of life more edifying than the crimes of civilization. It is brutal and revengeful. Are we then to feel with the author that Nature alone is pure and beautiful, that the grass is sweet but that man is a blot upon the face of Nature, the most perverse and unpleasant animal which infects the earth? Where, in all this, is the beauty of thought and love? However, this is hardly an argument against the book as a literary accomplishment but rather against a point of view or mood which so forceful a personality as Maran's may eventually cast off.

It is true that the subject he has attacked is one of the most tragic and hopeless in the world. It is natural, however, that a negro over whom the tongue of flame has rested should attack this very subject—the attempt which men make to superimpose a higher state of civilization upon a primitive race, an attempt which has always proved both brutal and unsuccessful; witness the tragedy of the North American Indian. Culture, for the race as well as for the individual, must evolve slowly from within and cannot be suddenly imposed from without. If a people do not possess the vitality to resist the conquest of the whites by warfare, they rarely possess the vitality to resist the vices which the white man brings with him, and we see some such pathetic spectacle as the magnificent, stalwart black with the soul of a child, destroying himself by means of cheap absinthe.

Perhaps the truly dispassionate critic would say that the book is too full of polemic and that it is not complex enough in form, nor its subject matter sufficiently transposed—that it is somewhat over-direct and vociferative. But that the author has the passion of the creator and a genius not wholly disciplined cannot be disputed. Throughout the volume one is hardly conscious of reading French. It has not the open, fluid run of the usual French prose. Maran has turned the language into something harsh, cacophonic—his words are strongly consonanted, and his phrases either brief like the raps of a hammer, or strangely twisted into a series of repetitive sounds. The whole is freely interspersed with negro dialect, childish-sounding words, a sort of babble. He often uses self-made, onomatopoeic words to express the sounds and sensations of the locality—a legitimate measure in this case, since these things are strange to European experience and hence have no symbols in our language. Sometimes the book seems too fearfully

colloquial. Not only the negroes speak in dialect, even when the French speak, it is a mixture of atrocious slang, profanity and local vernacular. But his line is always trenchant and powerful in its uncompromising directness.

Occasionally Maran reaches a point of tragic and almost vindictive irony as when, in the preface, he quotes from Montesquieu's magnificent line: "They are black from their heads to their feet, and their noses are so squashed that it is almost impossible to pity them." I know of no more subtle expression of all the pained compassion which great Irony contains.

A work like "Batouala," with its immense vitality, should encourage America to look for some such serious achievement on the part of a native negro. I think such a work would be greatly welcomed. We, of a Northern clime, whose skins have been bleached and whose features have been sharpened by the grind of struggle against Nature, where Nature is harsher in her exigencies than in the tropical regions, smile for the most part with amusement at the indolence and happy animality of the blacks.

But now that we have seen that incomparable company of "Shuffle Along," whose genius of song and laughter has found a form of conscious entertainment which is the beginning of an art —and that hundreds of young negroes are attending colleges, laboratories and musical conservatories—may we not look for one of this race to fill a more serious role, and perhaps some day enter the realms of Poe and Whitman and Mark Twain—a company far too great to glance askance at the shade of a newcomer's skin.

LEONIE KNOEDLER.

MISS SINCLAIR ADJUSTS THE MICROSCOPE

"The Life and Death of Harriett Frean"
By May Sinclair.
(*New York, Macmillan, 1922*)

NO one can read "Harriett Frean" and fail to be impressed by Miss Sinclair's power as a writer, her unfailing artistry, and her amazing technical ability. It is a tour de force in the "Mary Olivier" manner—a series of episodes so vividly presented that they are inevitably connected and amplified by the reader's imagination. She compresses into a hundred and thirty-three pages the record of Harriett's long life; pages pruned of all non-essentials; pages cruel, almost intolerable, in their relentless, polished, austere clarity. Yet nothing is omitted. And at the end our knowledge of her is harrowingly complete and intimate.

The story of Harriett is the story of a woman whose home life was so ideal that she resented the intrusion of even her best friends. The years slipped by quietly and she and her parents seemed to her the perfect group. And the motif that runs through her whole life, that dominates it, is her love for her mother; a love infantile in its attitude of mind, its dependence, its abandonment. Like Victoria, and at an even earlier age, Harriett determined to be good. It was pleasant to be good. It gave her a warm, superior feeling. It made her parents happy. Disobedience—wickedness, were ugly. And she knew, and they knew, that always, under all circumstances, she could be trusted to behave beautifully. But, unlike Victoria, one of the forms her goodness assumed was an inordinate love of self-sacrifice.

She indulged herself in that in and out of season, with appalling results sometimes. But not really because she thought self-denial on her part would be of any benefit to others or would bring them happiness. It was of herself she thought, complacently; of Miss Harriett Frean, daughter of Hilton Frean, behaving beautifully. She was dazzled by the nobility of her own gestures. That was what happened when she fell in love with Robin—and forced him to marry Prissie. So edified was she by the moral beauty of her own conduct that it never once occurred to her to think of the probable misery in store for Robin and Prissie. Besides Harriett we have glimpses of her mother and father, of her friends, in their relationship to her; at the points where their lives touch hers. And we are shown the havoc wrought by her unselfishness.

The picture is complete: hard, sharp, truthful, accurate, as pitilessly brilliant as a flashlight.

Miss Sinclair's almost uncanny faculty for leaving her readers haunted by the people she dissects for them was never more in evidence than in this book. She is without mercy as well for her readers as for the characters of her own creation. Her dissection is carried out with neatness and despatch, with cool detachment and unerring precision, and the soul of Harriett, most inelegantly stripped of its protecting layers of sham and self-deception, is exposed to the public gaze.

Personally, I am profoundly grateful to her for letting me off with the hundred and thirty-three pages.

ALICE SESSUMS LEOVY.

Caesura

By HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON

Gray cities are the murmured words
A garrulous, old earth sometimes slips
In between sharp, brittle, little quips
And laughter.
One twilight after
Rain in Paris
I know she had her finger to her lips.

Comment

THE GUARDIAN ADMONISHES

IN the *Manchester Guardian* (England) of April 19th, appears the following editorial entitled "Journalism and Journalese," which we reprint here in its entirety for the general diversion of our readers:

"Journalism catches it dreadfully from Mr. Arthur Symons—we suppose it must be *the* Arthur Symons—in the April number of the New Orleans DOUBLE DEALER, the ambitiously named organ of some terrible fellows in the Southern States. After the intimate custom of the editors of American magazines there are 'Notes on Contributors' printed within THE DOUBLE DEALER'S yellow covers—yellow as our own long-lost *Yellow Book*, which indeed it slightly resembles in its anxiety to knock the *bourgeois* reader silly. From these notes we learn something about the hanging jury to whom Mr. Arthur Symons acts as foreman. There is Mr. Benjamin De Casseres, 'poet, satirist, epigrammatist, philosopher, essayist, and fantastic psychological story-teller,' who 'stems from Aristophanes, Cervantes, Flaubert, Schoppenhauer, Nietszche, and Walt Whitman'—decidedly a man of family. Also Mr. Francis Gregory, 'a young newspaperman who has knocked about some.' This gallant youth, we hear, once worked as a navvy and 'actually saw the inside stuff, the guts, of the steel mill.' There follows Mr. Sherwood Anderson, who 'writes copy for an important advertising campaign'; then 'a New Orleans clothing factor' who 'indulges in occasional ambulations into Arcady,' trusting to escape observation under the *nom de promenade* of Don Pops; reserves are Mr. Charles J. Finger, 'the lone literatus of the Ozarks,' and Mr. Narcisse Smathers, who is stated to have gathered by the waters of the Atchafalaya, 'the largest collection of Poland Chinas in Louisiana,' and whose critical work is better known in England than in this country. Living remote from the literary world we fear we have never heard of his works, nor even whether his multitude of Poland Chinas are porcelain or hens. But he is evidently one of as trenchant a body of men as ever sat in judgment since the go-ahead jury that convicted Faithful in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"Mr. Arthur Symons, the fugleman for the occasion, makes it his chief count against journalism that it is 'the plague, or Black Death, of the modern world.' And again, 'It is an open sewer, running down each side of the street.' We cannot remember that Mr. Arthur Symons's critical contributions to the London *Star* corresponded to this description. We never took any harm from them. We thought them excellent. He never used to say that his soul 'knocked about some' among masterpieces

or that he 'actually saw the inside stuff, the guts' of the theatres which he was paid for frequenting. In his arraignment now he quotes some quite good gibes aimed by R. L. Stevenson's correspondent, Marcel Schwob, at—not journalism, as poor Schwob thought, but everything that competent journalism avoids. Schwob, for instance, ironically counselled young journalists not to say simply that a play gained some success, but that it 'received a colossal ovation from the public,' that it 'enjoyed a continued triumphal march before enthusiastic houses,' etc. 'But every editor who knew his business had found out all about that long before Schwob and had taken arms against these seas of words and bundled them out of the office at a time when Schwob had not yet shed the rich Corinthian 'journalese' that seems to come naturally to 'well' educated youth. Most young men really need a year or two in a decent newspaper office, in order to be firmly cured of such crimes against language as saying that a clothing factor indulges in occasional ambulations into Arcady when they mean that a tailor sometimes takes a walk in the country. Too many of the people who afterward write books and magazines never get that dressing down. So they go on, with no sense of sin, to say that some little literary blood whom they have met stems from Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, or that their young friend, the literatus of the Ozarks, or the Poland China King on the banks of the Atchafalaya, 'already a force in literature, is commanding more and more the attention of the right wing of the periodical press'."

All of which is probably very apt. However, the editorial writer who, serenely oblivious of quotation marks, gives us this "dressing-down," did not observe that the sonorous appraisal of Mr. De Casseres was written by Mr. De Casseres himself. Neither did we say what the *Guardian* hints that we said about Mr. Gregory. That, too, was shrouded in mysterious quotation marks. There was a chaste precision in the term "clothing factor," which likewise escaped the *Guardian*. Mr. Pops is, as a matter of fact, a clothing factor, not a tailor. Neither were we referring to walks in the country. We were deceived, apparently, by Mr. Smathers.

So much in defense. With reference to the more sardonic overtones in this excellently conceived and excellently executed castigation, we would note that the work of Mr. Sherwood Anderson, winner of the Dial prize in literature, is being translated so that observers in England may eventually discover him in French, and that Mr. Benjamin De Casseres, whom the *Guardian* dismisses as "some little literary blood," was recognized long ago by Mr. Thomas Hardy in England and in France by Remy de Gourmont, who translated his work for the *Mercure de France* and *La France*, and who said of him, in *"Pendant l'Orage"*:

"De Casseres is the most savage, the most independent, but often the most paradoxical and sometimes the most poetically obscure writer that I know."

Portrait

By WILLIAM FAULKNER

Raise your hand between us, to your face,
And draw the opaque curtains on your eyes.
Let us walk here, softly checked with shadow,
And talk of careful trivialities.

Let us lightly speak at random; tonight's movie,
Repeat a broken conversation, word for word;
Of friends, and happiness. The darkness scurries,
And we hear again a music both have heard

Singing blood to blood between our palms.
Come, lift your eyes, your tiny scrap of mouth
So lightly mobile on your dim white face;
Aloofly talk of life, profound in youth

And simple also. Young and white and strange
You walk beside me down this shadowed street,
Against my hand your small breast softly lies,
And your laughter breaks the rhythm of our feet.

You are so young. And frankly you believe
This world, this darkened street, this shadowed wall
Are dim with beauty you passionately know
Cannot fade nor cool nor die at all.

Raise your hand, then, to your scarce seen face,
And draw the opaque curtains on your eyes;
Profoundly speak of life, of simple truths,
The while your voice is clear with frank surprise.

Ultimately

By ERNEST M. HEMINGWAY

He tried to spit out the truth;
Dry mouthed at first,
He drooled and slobbered in the end;
Truth dribbling his chin.

THE DOUBLE DEALER has received the following communication from Mr. H. T. Meigs, of Clarks-Hill, Indiana, who has cancelled his subscription:

"Sirs:

"Please do not send any more copies—sample or otherwise—of THE DOUBLE DEALER. I have tried to like it, but reading same leaves such a bad taste in one's mouth—so to speak—after long years of *The Atlantic Monthly, The North American Review, Current Opinion* and such.

"It is a pity you so use your fine talents."

Books Received

THE LINEAGE OF LITCHFIELD, by James Branch Cabell. Edition limited to 350 copies, each copy signed by the author. *McBride*, 1922.

IRON MONGER, a Book of Poems, by S. A. DeWitt. *New York, Frank Shay*, 1921.

ABBE PIERRE, A Novel of To-day, by Jay William Hudson. *Appleton*, 1922.

HEPPLESTALLS, by Harold Brighouse. *McBride*, 1922.

NEGRO FOLK RHYMES, Wise and Otherwise, with a Study of Negro Folk Rhymes, by Thomas W. Talley of Fisk University. *Macmillan*, 1922.

ESTHER AND BERENICE, Two Plays, by John Masefield. *Macmillan*, 1922.

CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE, by Edgar Lee Masters. *Macmillan*, 1922.

PETER WHIFFLE, by Carl Van Vechten. *Knopf*, 1922.

MIEDO, by Jose Francés. Second edition revised and enlarged. Madrid, *Mundo Latino.*

ARS MORIENDI, Poesías, by Manuel Machado. *Madrid, Mundo Latino.*

LA MUJER QUE INVENTO EL AMOR, by Guido da Verona. *Madrid, Mundo Latino.*

CON EL PIE EN EL CORAZON, Novela, by El Caballero Audaz. *Mundo Latino.*

LO QUE SE POR MI, Confesiones del Siglo, by El Caballero Audaz. *Mundo Latino.*

LA CAZADORA SALVAJE, by Captain Mayne Reid. *Mundo Latino.*

UNA MALA MUJER, Novelas, by A. Hernandez Catá. *Mundo Latino.*

MEMORIAS DEL LEGIONARIO JUAN FERRAGUT, Novela, by Julian Fernandez Piñero. *Mundo Latino.*

EL PLACER DE SUFRIR, Novela, by A. Hernandez Catá. *Mundo Latino.*

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